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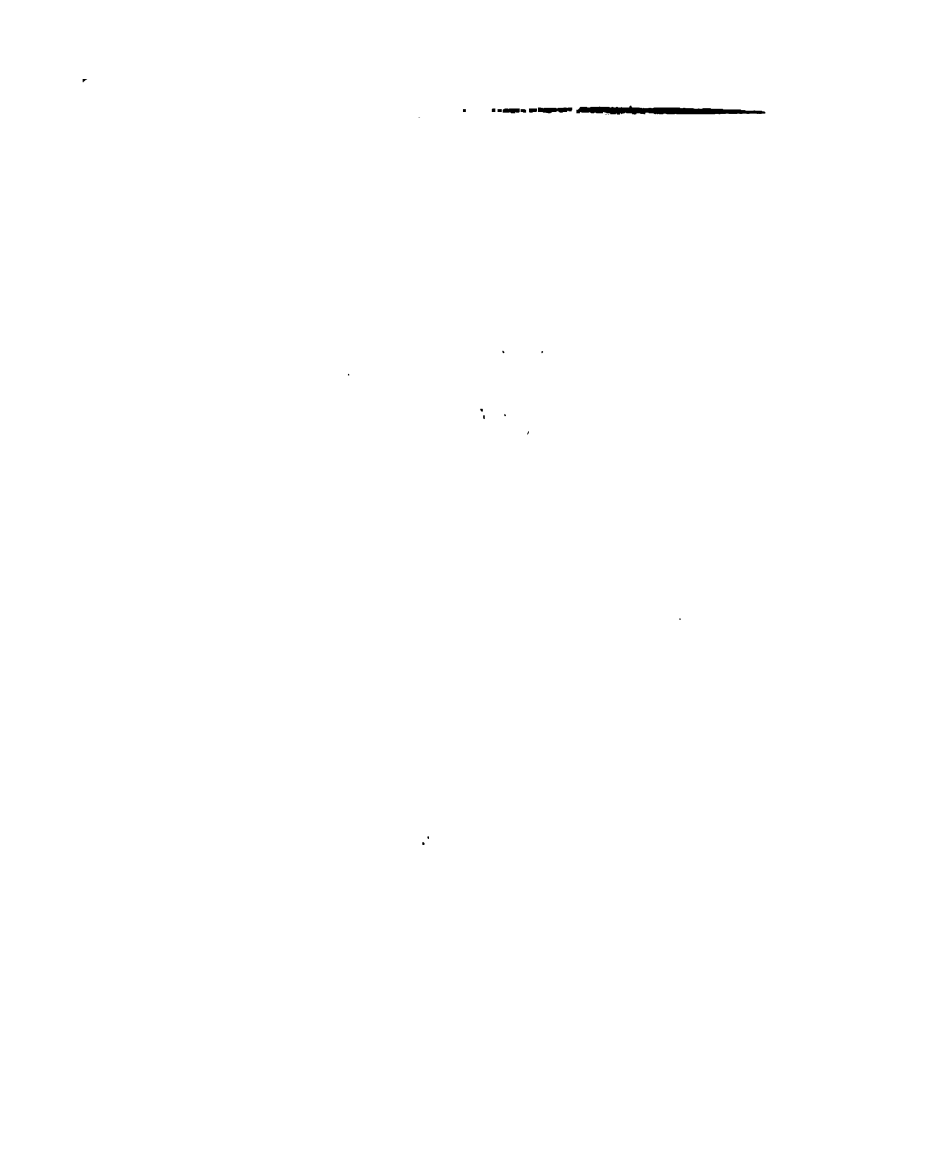


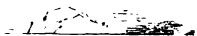
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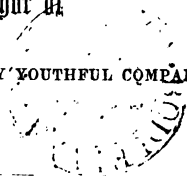




MY OLD PUPILS.

By the Author of

"MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS," AND "MY YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS."



" Oh, in thy truth secure, thy virtues bold,
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
The asp among the flowers ! Thy heart beats high,
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky !
But every step is on enchanted ground :—
Danger thou lov'st, and danger haunts thee round."

ROGERS.

L O N D O N :

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO.,
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1849.

LONDON :
JOSEPH BICKERBY, PRINTER,
SHERBOURN LANE.

P R E F A C E.

ONCE more, and probably for the last time, the Philosopher ventures to appear before the world of young readers. He has been encouraged to do so by the favour with which his previous works on youthful character have been received. May this third attempt to interest and improve the young be equally acceptable! In the Philosopher's own opinion—and he is not used to boasting—it is more worthy of youthful patronage than either of its predecessors; and he has, therefore, a good hope that it will meet with at least as much, if not greater patronage. He heartily recommends it to every schoolboy in the United Kingdom.

From his Study,

September 20th, 1849.

MY OLD PUPILS.

CHAPTER I.

Charles Murphy's first Visit to my School—Conversation on past Visions of Greatness—A Game at Marbles and Cricket—A Reminiscence of the Past—A few Words on the Fleetness of Time—Charles Murphy's Advice to my Pupils—A Scramble in the Philosopher's Parlour—The Parting.

“AND so you are settled in life,” said Charles Murphy, as he entered without ceremony into my school-room, and grasped my hand with ardour: “And so you are settled in life. And what a family you have around you already! Let me see how many there are: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Really, Philosopher, it puts me in mind of Truth Hall. I say, boys, would you not like a holiday? Charles Murphy does not visit his old schoolfellows every day, and therefore you shall have one. Come, pack up your books and slates, and

hasten to your playground. Philosopher, won't you allow it for your old friend's sake?"

I nodded assent, and when my pupils had retired, Charles continued: "How quickly the little rogues did their work! I used to think that I was pretty quick in packing up my books, on such occasions; but I think they were even quicker in doing so than the play-loving Charles Murphy. Really, Philosopher, you have a nice place here. What a neat schoolroom! it puts me in mind of my dear old master's. You have not forgotten that, I dare say. As for me, I often think of it, and that with pleasure. Once I thought it was a gloomy place, in which there was nothing but books and lessons; but a change has come over me since that time. I am now convinced the period of my life spent there was the happiest I shall spend in this world. But suppose I become a boy again. Let me see what a figure I should make in your desks."

As Charles Murphy said this, he squeezed his tall stout frame into the nearest desk, and resumed, with a more thoughtful face: "Alas! I fear I am grown too stout for one of your pupils, and that I should make but a sorry figure as a boy. I fear, also, that

I should be your most troublesome pupil ; and that if you have not purchased a new birch for the purpose of making a rod, you would soon have to go to that expense for your old friend. So I suppose I must be content to swim along the stream of time, and still be a man."

"But, Philosopher," said Charles, as he left the desk, and again grasped my hand, "I must think you are out of your latitude. You must have mistaken your calling. I expected by this time to have seen you on the high road to a bishopric, or a seat on the woolsack. I dare say you recollect the glorious visions of greatness we each had in the summerhouse at Truth Hall ; how I felt assured I should be either Lord Chancellor, or an archbishop, or a renowned warrior, with the title of earl or duke ; and how, though you gravely lectured me on my ambition, you showed yourself equally ambitious of fame and happiness. That I, light-hearted and thoughtless Charles Murphy, should find all visions of greatness 'airy nothings,' can scarcely be a wonder ; but that you, the grave and solid philosopher, should not have realized your hopes and expectations, I cannot imagine. It is a mystery I cannot solve. I think you must

either have wilfully missed your way on the road to fame, or the world must have wantonly overlooked you."

"My dear Charles," I replied, for the first time finding an opportunity for speaking, "you seem to forget what Solomon says :—

'Man's goings are of the Lord.

How can a man understand his own way ?'

Prov. xx. 24.

It is God who directs our steps in life, and it is our wisdom to bow to his divine will. Like the apostle Paul, in whatsoever station we find ourselves placed, we should 'therewith be content.' I must confess, that could I have shaped my own course, I should not have chosen my present occupation ; but as it seems ordained that I should follow the calling of our dear old master, I hope to imitate his example."

"That is just like you, Philosopher," resumed Charles. "I cannot touch upon any subject but you must treat of your philosophy. For my part, I can scarcely imagine that if you really had wished to have followed any other course of life you might not have done so. You have the talent, the prudence, and the gravity requisite : what else was wanted ?"

"Just two things, Charles, money and patronage."

"There you have me," replied Charles. "But why had you not money and patronage?"

"Because a gracious Providence withheld them from me. 'I returned, and saw under the sun,' said Solomon, 'that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill.' My dear Charles, disappointments in life are common; and men's success seldom equals their expectations. We must use means, but not trust to them: if we succeed, we must give God the praise; if crossed, we must acquiesce in his will. I have used the means of advancing myself in life, but I have been crossed. God has directed my steps, and I have nothing more to do than to exclaim fervently, 'Thy will be done!'"

"That is a second dish of philosophy," replied Charles, smiling. "But I really wish you had been a bishop or a judge. Let us hope, however, that you will yet find your level. In 'the meantime, whether bishop, judge, or poor schoolmaster, you will still find Charles Murphy your most faithful friend."

I was about to thank Charles for his good wishes

and his sincerity, when he thus resumed: "But I say, Philosopher, you must think me a very strange fellow. I have been here nearly half-an-hour, and have not yet asked after Mrs. Farmer, nor to be introduced to her. Come, lead the way."

In one minute Charles was at home, talking away at his usual rate, and with his accustomed hilarity. He seemed to talk the faster, because, in answer to my repeated entreaties for him to remain some days, he assured me that he must return home that evening, in order to be at his office early in the morning. We sat chatting for a full hour; when, on a sudden, my old friend started from his chair, remarking that he had a glorious thought; he had come out for a day's recreation, and he must go into my playground, and for a short time become a boy again."

"Do you know what the apostle says, in one of his epistles?" I inquired.

"I do remember some things," returned Charles; "but I cannot guess to what passage you allude. What is it?"

"When I became a man I put away childish things."

"Always philosophising, and always endeavouring

to instruct me," said Charles ; " notwithstanding, I must become a boy again."

" Who is for a game of taw ?" he inquired, as he joined my little group, and pulled from his pocket a handful of marbles, with which it appeared he had provided himself on his route. " Who is for a game of taw ? I am your man !"

It was really a picture to see the tall, stout Charles Murphy stand rattling his marbles before the astonished urchins, none venturing to reply.

" What ! all afraid ?" he continued : " come, I will play any one among you, six out !"

All were still silent.

" Well, you are all cowards !" ejaculated Charles, audibly. He knew, in fact, that if he used the word coward, he would be sure to obtain a playmate. Nor was he mistaken ; John Doane summoned up courage to accept the challenge ; so to play they went, the pigmy with the giant, while the rest of the boys stood laughing by. Charles could boast, also, that he had again succeeded in making the Philosopher laugh.

My merry friend entered on his game with an evident satisfaction to himself, and with a full assurance

that he would triumph. One after another of his marbles, however, found their way into John Doane's bag; and Charles at length pausing, looked archly at me, and inquired if he had not John Cope, of cheating notoriety, at Truth Hall, to contend with.

"I have not observed any unfairness," I replied ;
"I think your marbles have been fairly won."

"Well, then, I suppose I must conclude that I am out of practice," rejoined Charles ; "but perhaps I may yet retrieve my fortune. I am no coward ; I will either win them back again, or John Doane shall win all I have left, even to my china taw."

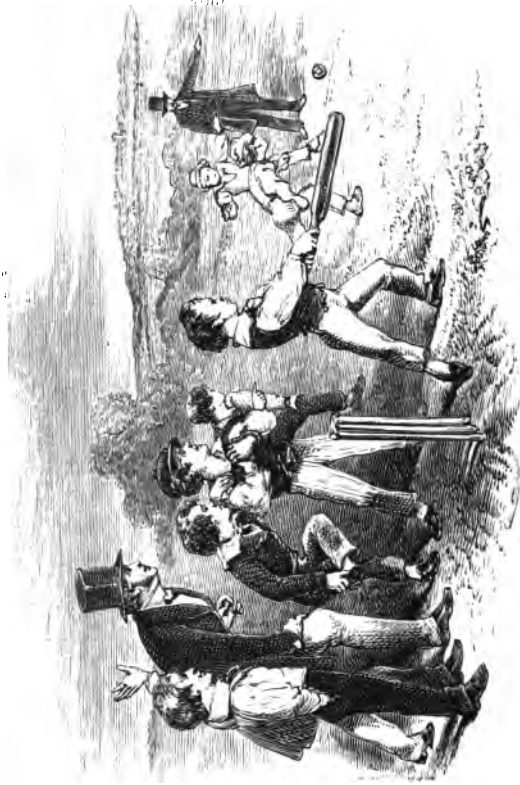
"You play well, John Doane," said Charles, after his china taw was won. "I find, that before I play you again at marbles, I must get up my practice. But who is for a game at cricket? I will play any six of you at single-wicket, so get your bats, and stumps, and ball, and come along with me to the meadow."

All fear of Charles Murphy's skill in pastimes among my group had now vanished, and every one crowding around him, expressed their readiness to contend with him.

"Come along then, my boys!" resumed Charles.

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THE MAN A BOY AGAIN.

“But stay, Philosopher, cannot we make up a game of double-wicket? Suppose you and I play them all. Nay, don’t demur: I will take no denial. This is at least a manly game; cricket-bats, and stumps, and balls are not childish things.”

Without falling in with my good friend’s opinion of the game of cricket, I could not refuse to gratify him in his whim; so the stumps were soon set up, and our trial of skill commenced. But Charles and myself had forgotten our skill in the game of cricket, for we soon found that we were overmatched. While the delighted group scored twenty runs, our stumps were levelled to the ground before we had scored one.

“I say, Philosopher,” said Charles, as he put on his coat, “you have got a clever set of boys here: they really do you credit! I thought to be sure we were a match for them. But I must console myself with the recollection that on a memorable occasion, at Truth-hall, we and some of our fellow-pupils beat our dear old master, the doctor, and the squire, with others, all skilful in the game. We are only out of practice, that is all; and before I come again I will get it up a little in cricket as well as marbles. I will yet beat you, young gentlemen.”

The boys had now gained courage, and all exclaimed, they should not be afraid of him. More than one offered to play the tall Charles Murphy single-handed, and when he pleaded want of time, they held it to be only an excuse: the real truth was, he was afraid of them.

“Let them enjoy the idea,” said Charles, as he wished them good morning, and turned with me towards the house. “It does my heart good to see them happy; and yet it casts a shade of melancholy around myself. It puts me in mind of the time when I was as they are, and makes me regret that that period is past for ever. Still I do not think I have any cause to complain. It is not often that I have a shade of melancholy pass over me, and when I do, it soon passes away. Charles Murphy is generally as happy as most people of his age, and I do not imagine that any one has a lighter heart within his bosom.”

“Really, Charles,” I replied, “I subscribe to your opinion of yourself. My only fear is, that you are too happy.”

“Too happy!” said Charles, “why what can you mean, Philosopher? How is it possible for any one to

be too happy? Why, if I had my own will, happy as I generally am, I would enjoy a hundred times more happiness than I feel."

"Would you, indeed?"

"Would I not?" rejoined Charles. "And who would not?"

"Well, I believe you are right, Charles, for once," I replied. "All men seek happiness; from the cradle to the grave they pursue it with unremitting ardour. But the worst of it is, for the most part they seek it where it is not to be met with. They seek it in the vanities of earth, rather than in heaven, where true joys only are to be found: and it was from this fact that I said, my only fear is that you are too happy. That is, that you are happy without just cause; or without having any solid foundation for your happiness. The miser, when he is counting out his heaps of gold, fancies that he is happy; but no sooner has he locked them up, than he is full of fears, lest the thief should rob him of his treasures. The man of pleasure, also, when in company, feels what he considers to be supreme happiness; but no sooner does he find himself alone, than he feels his pursuit of happiness is vain. There

is an aching void within, which more than counter-balances his fancied joys.

“It has been well said, that we are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found on earth, and that each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it himself. However we may consider a man happy, depend upon it he is not truly so. There is frequently a little speck of black in the brightest colours, which deadens the whole. And although I expressed my fears that you were too happy, I did not mean to convey the idea, that I thought you truly happy. I simply meant, that I was afraid you were deceiving yourself in a fancied happiness : that you felt so happy from your light-heartedness, that you would forget, or rather do forget to seek the joys of heaven. Depend upon it, happiness on earth is rather an imaginary picture than a reality ; especially if a man derive it from the things of this world. None can make our souls happy but God who made them, nor any one give satisfaction to them but He that made satisfaction for them. Man was only truly happy once, and that was before the fall : since that time he has ever been seek-

ing that which was lost by Adam's sin of disobedience."

"I believe, Philosopher," said Charles as I paused, "you will one day bring me to my senses. You really seem so earnest in your desire for my true happiness at all times and seasons, that I love you for it; and where there is love to the preceptor in the heart of the scholar, you know there must be due attention to his precepts and instructions. At all events, I promise you most faithfully one day to act as you would have me, to the very letter. You shall not have to mourn over your old friend's hardness of heart. Even now, I do not think you have much cause for complaint. You know I am always willing to receive your lessons; and that I am never offended with you for your reproofs and advice. I must be the better one day for your instructions. And to tell you the truth, I believe I am already the better for them. When absent from you, I frequently think of you, and call your words to remembrance."

"My dear Charles," I replied, "I have no cause to quarrel with you as regards want of attention to my lessons, as you are pleased to term them. I always find you a willing listener; one day I hope to find you

a doer. May that one day be soon ! Remember, time flies ; and the sooner we put our good resolutions into practice the better. Time present is ours : our future days are in the hands of God."

Charles Murphy was thoughtful for a short time ; but we were scarcely again seated round the family table, when he resumed his wonted cheerfulness, and indulged himself in his wit and humour. All the adventures of our school-boy days were recounted to Mrs. Farmer, with a delight which showed his heart was in his tales. He should never forget those glorious days, he said, and he only wished he could bring them back again : he only wished that he was strong enough to turn the wheel of time back a few paces, that he might again address the daws on the steeple of Overton church ; that he might again catch Simon Sly, the thief, who stole our cakes and marbles ; that he might again shake the apple-trees of old Reuben, and strip those of Dame Dunton ; and, in short, might again re-enact or take his part in the various scenes which then took place. It was unfortunate, he continued, that time should go on with such a steady and resolved pace, that it never would return.

At this moment the servant announced that Mr. Murphy's chaise was at the door. Charles had ordered it to be brought at seven o'clock precisely ; and hearing this announcement, he started up and exclaimed, " Why, Time has wings ! Surely, I have never been here eight hours ! There must be some mistake ! "

Charles here appealed to his gold watch, the very watch he had worn at Truth Hall, and he was soon convinced there was no mistake. It had never deceived him ; it was really seven o'clock, and it was clear Time had wings.

" I have no doubt it has, Charles," I rejoined, " and it is our wisdom to improve it as it flies. It is a sacred trust committed to us by God, and we must give an account of it hereafter. And yet man seems to be deficient in nothing more than a right improvement of time. Most men are prodigal of it, and when it is gone they wish it would return. "

" Do you hear that, young gentlemen ? " said Charles to my pupils, who had now joined us : " Do you hear that ? But I dare say you are accustomed to such grave lectures. I had them, however, administered to me long before you ; and even before you were

born. This is just the way the Philosopher used to lecture me, when we were school-boys together at Truth Hall ; and I never meet him, but he administers such. I hope you will profit by them more than I have done. He has found me a sad thoughtless scholar ; but I love him for the lessons he has given me, and I would have you do the same. I almost envy you for living with him, while I can only see him now and then. But never mind, I will come and see you as often as I can ; and depend upon it the next time I come, I will beat you both at cricket and at marbles ; and you shall have something to make you wish to see me again. Who loves cakes and sweetmeats ?”

“ All,” was the reply.

“ All !” rejoined Charles, “ then all shall have them. Now for a scramble in the Philosopher’s parlour !”

Charles had no sooner said the word, than he drew from his pocket a handful of silver, and up it went towards the ceiling, and then down on the floor ; and every one threw themselves from their seats to pick it up, while he stood laughing by.

“ That is just the way I used to do,” said Charles,

as they resumed their seats. "But mind you don't quarrel about it, or you will have a grave lecture on the sin of quarrelling. I mean you to enjoy it in common; so reckon it up, and see how much you have. Have you done?—how much is it?"

"Fifteen shillings," was the reply.

"Fifteen shillings!" rejoined Charles; "I am afraid I have been too liberal. But never mind; spend it all among you: and mind, Philosopher, they are to have another half-holiday to-morrow, in order that they may enjoy the treat. I could never enjoy cakes and sweetmeats when I had lessons to do; the relish was always taken off; lessons were such tiresome things! Good by, young gentlemen!"

"Good by," they exclaimed with one voice; "we shall long to see you again."

"No doubt they will," said Charles, as he left the room; and no doubt they did, for scarcely a day elapsed, but one or the other of them inquired whether I knew when Mr. Murphy was coming again.

CHAPTER II.

Thoughts on youthful Character—The Character of James Marsh—His Mother's solicitude for him—He resolves to be a Soldier—The fate of great Commanders—James Marsh's Urchin Regiment—Charles Murphy a Volunteer—His lesson to James Marsh on his Dream of Glory—A Letter from Mrs. Marsh, announcing that her Son has become a Soldier—A Visit from Lieutenant Marsh, who has lost an Arm—The happy Change in his Character.

DURING Charles Murphy's first visit to my school, and while he was indulging in reminiscences of the past, he expressed his wonder whether I should witness such scenes in my school as we had witnessed at Truth Hall. "Above all," he continued, "I wonder whether you will meet with such characters as we had there—whether you will meet with another trio; another John Cope, another Simon Sly, another Ned Grainger, another greedy George, another Arthur Sampson, another philosopher, and another Charles Murphy."

I assured Charles that I had no doubt I should

meet with some boys whose characters resembled those he called to mind, in many points of view ; though, as human character presented a great variety, it was very likely I should meet with another set of characters. From my then limited experience, indeed, I saw clearly that the task of a schoolmaster was not an easy one ; that my occupation was one requiring great prudence and vigilance. I had already a character or two in my school which promised to be more than a match for my skill in training, and to prove a source of grief to me, not only while they were under my roof, but whenever I recalled them to memory in after years.

One of these characters was James Marsh. James Marsh was the son of wealthy parents, living in a neighbouring village. Both Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were people who had the fear of God before their eyes ; and hence wished to train up their children in the ways of righteousness. Some of their elder offspring were evidently following in their steps, and some of the younger branches promised fair to become sincere Christians. James Marsh, however, was an exception to the general rule, in this otherwise happy family. "Sir," said his pious

mother, when she first brought him to my school, "I fear you will not find James a tractable boy. In my family, I must, indeed, be candid enough to tell you, he is my greatest grief. There is nothing vicious, I believe, about him ; but he has one ruling passion, from which it has baffled all my skill to divert him. His thoughts are always running upon military glory—he will be a soldier !"

"It is a dreadful choice you have made, James," said I, as his mother paused to wipe away a tear, "and may even one day cost you your life."

"A dreadful choice !" replied James quickly, while his restless eyes flashed brightly. "A dreadful choice ! I don't think so ! Who are more famous in history than the heroes of war ? What greater names are there in the world now than those of the Emperor Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Nelson, and—"

"My dear boy," said his mother, "I wish you would now be silent, and listen to what your new master and I may say on the subject ; perhaps it may do you good."

"Oh, certainly, mamma," said James, with a slight bow, intimating obedience, "I will listen : " but

there was that in the look of James which seemed to intimate that, whether it would do him good was another question.

"You see, sir," resumed Mrs. Marsh, "that my fears are well founded. He is ever thinking of the glories of war, and never of looking on the other side of the picture. He does not seem to dream of danger. Talk to him of danger, indeed, and he only laughs at it. 'The brave man,' he says, 'knows no danger.' And you may be sure, sir, that I have not failed to set before him the fearfulness of the act of taking away the life of a fellow-creature, although that fellow-creature may be an enemy; but it is all to no purpose: he will be a soldier!"

"And a soldier I will be," said James, "if I live to become a man."

"My dear boy," said his mother, "let us hope that though your parents have failed to divert your mind from your purpose, your new master may, under God, be instrumental in bringing you to a better way of thinking."

I assured Mrs. Marsh that I would endeavour to divert his mind from his purpose, and that I would daily pray for success on my endeavours. Then turn-

ing to her son, I continued: " My dear young friend, you seem to take an erroneous view of the heroes of war. I grant that in the pages of history, and also in poetry, the names of great conquerors are held up to admiration, and even imitation. But historians and poets only take a partial view of the matter. Of all the great warriors the world has produced, how few have come to a timely death ! Perhaps not one in ten have died in their beds. They made themselves famous for a time, and marked the ages in which they lived ; but they rather appear to me to have risen above the stream of time, as beacons to deter, than as guides to be followed. Their careers have usually been closed by poison, assassination, or disappointed ambition. Thus that noted conqueror of antiquity, Cyrus the Great, after conquering Media, Lydia, and Assyria, had his head cut off by a woman, who threw it into a vessel filled with blood, and thus addressed it :—' Go, quench there that thirst for blood which seemed insatiable.' Miltiades, the conqueror at Marathon, who was reckoned the most celebrated general of his age, was accused of treason by the Athenians, and condemned to death. This sentence was commuted to a fine, but that fine

was so great that he could not pay it, and he died in prison. Pausanias, who conquered at Platæa, and slew about three hundred thousand Persians, was starved to death in the temple of Minerva; and Themistocles, who was called the most courageous of all the Greeks, was banished by the Athenians, and died in exile. Epaminondas, the Theban, was slain at the head of his army, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Philip of Macedon, who conquered all the states around him, was assassinated at the age of forty-seven; and his son, Alexander the Great, who conquered Asia Minor, Egypt, Media, Syria, and Persia, was cut off in the thirty-second year of his age, supposed to have been poisoned at the instigation of his favourite general, Antipater. Pyrrhus, the Epirot, declared by Hannibal the greatest of captains, fell by the hands of a woman; and Hannibal himself, after conquering Spain and Italy, was defeated by Scipio at Zama, and fled first to Syria and then to Bithynia, where he poisoned himself to elude the swords of his enemies. Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, accused of extortion, fled from Rome, and died in exile at Laternum, leaving as his dying request, that his bones might not be laid with those

of his ungrateful countrymen. Mithridates, king of Pontus, who opposed the Roman power for thirty years, was doomed to death by his unnatural son, and after attempting to poison himself, fell upon his own sword, and perished. Antiochus was murdered by his followers in the temple of Belus at Susiana; Perseus was carried captive to Rome, and died in prison; Scipio the younger, who wept over the ruins of Carthage, and who gained the most astonishing victories, was murdered in his bed; and Cinna was assassinated by one of his own officers. It is true, Marius and Sylla, the most cruel of Roman generals, died in their beds; but their deaths were hastened by excessive drinking, in which they indulged to blunt the stings of a guilty conscience. For a time, Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus governed the world, but what were their ends? Crassus was put to death treacherously by Surenæ; Pompey, after his defeat at Pharsalia, was assassinated at the command of Ptolemy, whom he had placed on the throne; and Cæsar, after having conquered three hundred nations, taken eight hundred cities, and slain a million of men, was assassinated by his most intimate friends, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Cicero was beheaded

near Gaeta. Cato stabbed himself in Utica ; Brutus, Cassius, and Antony fell on their own swords ; and of the twelve Cæsars, the successive masters of the world, nine suffered a violent death. The fate of Napoleon, in our own days, is well known ; after having long successfully fought against all the great nations of Europe, he was at length compelled to deliver himself into the hands of his former enemies, by whom he was exiled to the sterile rock of St. Helena, where he died almost without a friend to weep over his grave. Such has been the fate of the world's heroes. My young friend, sophistry disguises the character both of warriors and the dreadful game they play at—war.”

My new pupil listened attentively while I was thus discoursing on the evils of war, and Mrs. Marsh seemed to derive a ray of hope that my first lesson might tell upon the mind of her son. At her parting she even ventured to express a confident expectation that her dear James would, under my tuition, become an altered character ; and kissing him affectionately, she bade him attend to all my instructions. James was not wanting in affection : he shed tears, and promised atten-

tion : he would listen to me and remember his dear mother.

The promises of James Marsh, however, were soon forgotten. His restless spirit could not brook the restraints and discipline of school, and I never had a more inattentive scholar. He should not require learning, he used to tell his fellow-pupils ; he was going to be a soldier. Yet, if he could lay his hands upon a narrative of battles, or a history of a " great conqueror," who more studious than James Marsh ? He could not, from his inattention, read a line of Latin or Greek correctly ; but I remember, on one occasion, I detected him with a translation of Homer in his hand ; and so intent was he in reading it, that he was not aware of my presence, till I had fairly taken the volume away from him. His whole mind seemed to be absorbed in its contents. I was ever on the watch to prevent his reading such books, and many a lesson was given him for disobedience to my commands not to read them. Often was he detected in some hiding-place, poring over them, with all the earnestness of a scholar endeavouring to solve some difficult problem. In the usual pastimes of boys he rarely joined, and when he did,

it was evident they gave him no satisfaction. The only game in which he took pleasure was "playing at soldiers." This was strictly forbidden; but on more than one occasion, when I have been engaged with friends, on my return I have found him marshalling his urchin troops round the playground, with all the airs of a captain. Those who made up his regiment were invariably the youngest boys in the school, and these were pressed into his service. The senior pupils despised his game, and defied his power; but the younger ones were compelled to stand erect before him, or to march forward at quick-time, as he pleased.

On one occasion I was seated in my parlour with Charles Murphy, when all on a sudden I heard the imperative command, "Quick march! quick march!"

"Excuse me a moment, Charles," I observed; "I find I am wanted in the playground."

Charles, however, had heard the command as well as myself, and he insisted on accompanying me. I would rather have left him where he was, for I felt assured that he would endeavour to divert me from my purpose; and I was not sure whether he would

not join the urchin regiment. Charles was aware that I had such a character as James Marsh in my school, and that I was anxious to alter it; but no sooner did he catch a glimpse of the group, as they were in full march up the playground, than he held me back with all his might, in order, as he observed, to enjoy the sight. It was a fine sight truly, to see an overgrown boy, hectoring over some eight or ten boys who did not stand higher than his shoulder; but Charles thought it was most capital fun. "Nay," said he, "Philosopher, I must even go and join them." Then, shouldering his stick, Charles strode along the playground, that he might volunteer his services. It was in vain that I remonstrated with him as I followed: he also, he said, would be a soldier.

James Marsh was so busy in marshalling his troop, that he did not see either Charles or myself, until we had come up to his rear. His first act was to let his stick, stolen from the faggot-pile in the yard, to serve at once as his gun and his instrument of chastisement to the refractory, out of his hand.

"Halloo!" said Charles, "what is the matter, captain?" "Marsh knows what is the matter, Charles," I

replied: "he knows that he is disobeying the orders of a greater captain than himself."

"Nonsense, Philosopher!" rejoined Charles; "let the young gentleman enjoy himself to-day, at least when I am here. Come, captain," he continued, addressing himself to James, "pick up your weapon. See, I am a volunteer!"

As Charles said this he stepped into the disordered ranks, and insisted on being led forward. "We will even charge the Philosopher, if he ventures to oppose us; so give the word of command."

James Marsh, thus encouraged, ventured to pick up his weapon, and to lead the way at the head of his troops; but they had not marched half the length of the playground, when Charles was compelled to give up his game. He was considerably in advance of the line, and looking round archly at the boys, he inquired where they were. He was afraid, he added, that his legs were too long for them, and that they must grow taller before he could join them with any respectability as a soldier. Besides, the Philosopher's face was assuming a length, he could perceive, to which he had rarely seen it grow before, and therefore he supposed he must step out of the ranks altogether:

he could not offend his dear old friend. But he would not hear of my command to James Marsh to retire into the schoolroom. He must be forgiven this time, on the promise that we should not again hear the sounds of "quick march!" any more that day. "And perhaps," said Charles, "the Philosopher is right in endeavouring to check your love of glory, young gentleman. Depend upon it, the love of a soldier's life has led many a man into a sad scrape. I have known those who have fallen in the day of battle, and others who have had their arms and their legs shot clean away by balls from the cannon's mouth. Cannon-balls respect no man in war; they sweep away the mighty and the mean; the commander as well as the private soldier. So do not dream too much of glory: it is a thing not easily attained. For one man who obtains it, tens of thousands who dream of it, and pursue it, only catch a sight of it in the far distance."

"There now, Philosopher," said Charles, turning to me, "have I not atoned for my fault? is not your anger appeased? and is not that a lesson James Marsh will never forget?"

"I fear, Charles," I replied, "that neither my

lessons nor yours will ever divert him from his purpose of becoming a soldier; and that soon as James Marsh arrives at the age of manhood, he will gird on his sword for war."

And so it happened. During his stay at my school, his anxious mother was ever inquiring whether I saw any signs of a change in her son's character, and to all her inquiries I was compelled to reply in the negative. As he came under my care so he left it, an embryo soldier.

Some years after James Marsh had left my school, I received the following letter from his mother.

" My dear Sir,

" Grateful as I am for the tender care you showed for my son while under your roof, yet I am grieved to say that he has at length obtained his wishes. For a long time his father and myself opposed them, but we were at last compelled to yield. His attention would not be turned to any other pursuit; and if we did not give our consent, he said, he was determined to enter the ranks as a private soldier. He was sure he should win his way, and become a great commander. A commission was

therefore purchased for him ; and I flattered myself that no cruel wars would break out to call him from his own country. Happily England is still at peace ; but James is now no longer in the English service ; having become his own master, he has sold out, and gone to offer his services to the Portuguese government. There was no scope for him in the English service, he wrote to say, and he must seek his fortune elsewhere. How much grief of heart this causes me I cannot say. But I still hope that he will remember your instructions, and that the warning voice of his mother will still be heard ; it may be it will reach him even in the din of battle. But, oh ! if he should be slain ! What pangs does this thought cost me ! I close the letter in tears.

“ Yours, in grief,

“ Hannah Marsh.”

“ We shall one day see the end of all this,” I observed to myself, as I laid down this letter ; and in reply, I encouraged Mrs. Marsh to hope for the best ; and above all to pray constantly for the preservation of her son in the hour of danger.

“ Sir,” said the servant, “ some few months after

this, "Lieutenant Marsh wishes to speak with you in the parlour."

"And so," I remarked, as I grasped the only hand Lieutenant Marsh had remaining, and surveyed the loose sleeve which hung dangling on his left side : "and so, Mr. Marsh, this is the end of your dream of glory. You have at length discovered that the instruments of war are deadly things to meddle with, and that fame is a shadow which eludes the grasp of its most ardent pursuers."

"Indeed, sir, I have," replied James, with a mournful air ; "but I thank God it has not fared worse with me. I might have been, as I saw many others were, left dead on the field of battle. I have been spared ; and the first opportunity I had afforded me I came over to thank you for all the anxious care you took to divert me from my purpose. Believe me, your admonitions were never forgotten ; with those of my dear mother, they haunted me wherever I went. They were especially remembered when the battle commenced in which I was maimed for life ; and I secretly resolved, that, if I were spared, I would quit the hard service into which I had rashly entered, and turn my thoughts to the arts of peace. Whether

I should have kept my resolution, if my arm had not been shattered by a cannon-ball, I cannot say ; but as it was, there was no alternative but to return home. I returned in shame, and was grieved to think that my poor mother should see her son thus maimed. At first I endeavoured to hide it from her, but the loss of an arm is too conspicuous a thing to be concealed ; and my dear mother, seeing my vain endeavours to spare her feelings, in her own tender accents, told me not to mind my arm, since she had received me back alive. Oh, sir, the love of a mother is a potent thing !

“ Sir,” continued James, “ my mother’s love at length reached my heart, and her prayers for me are now answered. I have not only been spared in the day of battle, but I have been led to the foot of the cross, to seek pardon for my sins.”

“ If such is the happy end of your dream of glory, James,” I replied, “ then I say with your excellent mother, ‘ never mind your arm : ’ if the soul is safe, it matters but little what may happen to the body.”

CHAPTER III.

The Young Linnæus of Tornea.—The Character of Sir William Jones—A Contrast found in Alfred Jenkins—His Character—His Want of Stability at School—Rejected as a Playmate by his Fellow-pupils—A Lesson on his Conduct—The Story of Flora and the Boy quoted—His Father resolves that he shall become a Lawyer—His Master's Opinion of Him—My last Lesson to him—Established in a provincial Town—His Failure—Emigrates to America—Concluding Remarks.

THERE are few traits in the character of man more valuable than stability, or steadfastness of purpose. The celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, tells an anecdote of a young and friendless Swede, which well illustrates its value. He met with this youth at Tornea, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, and the following is the account he gives of him :—

“ We had sent to the apothecary of the place for a few jars of the conserved berries of the *rubus arcticus*. They were brought by a boy, without either shoes or stockings, who having executed his master's

orders, began to cast a longing eye towards the book of plants which we were engaged in turning over, being then busied in arranging our specimens ; when, to our astonishment, he named every one of them as fast as they appeared, giving to each of them with great accuracy its Linnæan appellation. This extraordinary youth, with whom we soon became better acquainted, was the dutiful son of a poor widow, named Pyppon, living at Uleabag ; who having bestowed upon her child the best education her circumstances could afford, had placed him as an apprentice to this apothecary. The apothecary had himself a turn for natural history, but did not choose that his little pupil should quit the pestle and mortar for the pursuits of botany and entomology ; ‘it interrupted,’ as he said, and perhaps very truly, ‘the business of the shop.’ The consequence was, that this young Linnæus carried on his studies unknown to his master, concealing his books and his plants, and rising every morning before three o’clock, that he might snatch a few stolen hours from the duties of his profession, and dedicate them to inquiries which had already qualified him to become his master’s instructor. If he found, in his bare-footed rambles, a

new plant or a new insect, he was compelled to hide it in his hat, and thus bear it to his hidden museum. It fell out, however, that his master discovered his boxes of insects; and these he afterwards allowed him to place in his shop, because they attracted the notice of customers, and gratified his master's vanity, who always exhibited them as of his own collecting. They had been thus exhibited to us. This curious example of the power of genius rising superior to all circumstances, and overwhelming every obstacle, in one so young and friendless, induced us to take some pains in prevailing upon his master to allow full scope to the bent of his inclination; and many were the pretences upon which we sent to the shop, that our young philosopher might be made happy by bringing what was required. Upon one of these occasions, we told him that a plant rather rare, the *sonchus sibiricus*, was said to grow in the neighbourhood of Tornea, but that we had failed in our endeavours to find it. The words were scarcely uttered, when he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, and soon returned, having in his hand two or three specimens of the plant."

A more notable example of the value of steadfast-

ness of purpose in the human character may be found in the celebrated Sir William Jones. From his boyhood, Sir William was a miracle of industry. In his earliest years he showed how intensely his soul glowed with a love of knowledge. He used to relate that when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother, who was a woman of great intelligence and acquirements, for information upon any subject, her common answer was, "Read, and you will know." By this means he acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. Even at school, his voluntary exertions exceeded in amount his prescribed tasks; and Dr. Thackeray, one of his masters, used to say of him, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches. At this time he used frequently to devote whole nights to study; taking tea or coffee to keep him awake. In after-life his maxim was, never to neglect any opportunity of improvement which presented itself. In conformity with this rule, while making the most strenuous exertions in the study of Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages, at Oxford, he took advantage of

the vacations to learn riding and fencing, and reading the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. To use an observation of his own, he thus, "with the fortune of a peasant, gave himself the education of a prince."

Would that one of my old pupils, whose name was Alfred Jenkins, had possessed but half the steadfastness of purpose of the young Linnæus of Tornea, or Sir William Jones !

Alfred, however, was one of the most unstable characters it has ever been my lot to meet with. His mind was, indeed, always in motion ; but this motion was vague and eccentric: like a bird in a bush, it was ever hopping from one twig to another.

"I cannot tell what we shall make of Alfred," said Mr. Jenkins, when he first placed him under my care. "His character seems so unstable, that I fear he will never advance himself in life. I have the means of putting him forward, but I fear, from his want of stability, these means will be thrown away. My only hope is, that as he grows older, his mind will become more settled than it is at present : if not he will certainly make shipwreck of his prospects."

Had Mr. Jenkins not given me an insight into the character of his son, I should soon have discovered

it. His unsteadiness of mind was seen constantly, both in the schoolroom and playground. At his lessons he was a constant trouble. If a lesson in Latin were given him to learn, he would come to my desk a dozen times before he knew it, from his impatience to begin his daily lesson in history ; and when he had at length passed from the one study to the other, he was equally impatient to commence another lesson. In the playground he was as constant a trouble to his fellow-pupils. If he joined in a game of cricket, before it was half played out, he would be sure to throw down his bat, and express a wish to play at some other game ; and if he engaged at marbles, in the very midst of the game he would gather up his own, and exclaim, that he could not play at marbles any longer ; he would rather play at cricket or trap. He spoiled the games of his fellow-pupils so frequently, that, at length, they one and came to the resolution that Alfred Jenkins should not play with them any longer ; and one day they came in a body to declare their purpose to me, lest I should think they were unkind to him. " We cannot play with him, sir," said John Doane, who was the spokesman on this occasion, " because we never choose him on any

side in any game, but he is sure to break it up, with a desire to commence some other sport."

I was aware of the justice of their complaints, but unwilling to see Alfred an outcast in the very midst of his fellow-pupils, I recommended them to try him again. Perhaps, as he knew their resolution, I observed, he would take care for the future to be more studious of pleasing them, and become more stable in his conduct. At the same time I took occasion to speak to Alfred, and to show him the unpleasant position he had placed himself in by such behaviour.

"You see, Jenkins," I remarked, "into what dilemmas your want of stability leads you. Your fellow-pupils are all willing to live in harmony with you, but they cannot, from your wavering conduct. I wonder, indeed, they have not cast you off before; for I have observed your manner of treating them in their pastime. I fear your inconstancy will prove a source of disquiet to you through life—that you will find not only boys cast you off, but when you grow up, men likewise. The fickle man is neither fit for business nor friendship; not for the first, for what professional man or tradesman can form a connexion with one upon whom there is no reliance? not for

friendship, for what person can place confidence in one who has often changed his friends, and may soon become an enemy? And there is yet another higher consideration, in which you will find your fickle-mindedness a bane to your happiness—the fickle man is not fit for religion; for what can be said of his faith who often changes? Scripture does not allow to the irresolute the name of men; it calls them children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine. A man without stability is like a ship without a rudder—he can never hope to make the voyage of life successfully. It is constancy of mind which gives a man reputation; without it, he must be despised by all around him. You are at this moment an example of this truth. Your fellow-pupils despise you for your fickle conduct towards them; and for myself, I can hardly say that I hold you in esteem; the trouble you give me in your studies is equal in amount to any six under my care.

“Depend upon it, Alfred, diligence and constancy are necessary in all pursuits throughout life; and if you do not alter your conduct, you will one day find yourself in a more unpleasant position than that in which you are now placed, by the

manner in which you have so long treated your fellow-pupils."

Alfred Jenkins seemed to be aware of the misery he had brought upon himself; for who is more miserable than a boy with whom none of his schoolfellows will play? Moreover, Alfred loved play as well as any one in the playground, and the thought of being thus rejected appeared to have a great effect upon him. He even showed penitence: with tears he promised not to treat them thus again, if they would only let him play with them. All expressed their readiness to do so; and on their retiring, every one was eager to choose him on their side in a game of double-wicket, at which they were about to play. For some time Alfred seemed to play with a steadfastness of purpose unknown to him before, and for once his companions had a prospect of seeing the game out. But they were doomed to be disappointed. No sooner was Alfred's "wicket down" than he again threw down his bat, and expressed his resolve not to play at that game any longer. A loud clamour arose among the boys, and from that hour they rejected him as a playmate.

The parents of Alfred were among my most fre-

quent visitors, and on every occasion they bitterly deplored the fickleness of his character. His father was a man who loved money, and the thought of having a son who promised to spend it faster than he had gathered it, was a source of extreme anxiety. Alfred, indeed, would not have *all* his father's wealth, as there were two other children to share it with him ; but then the thought of a portion of it being squandered away was painful. My constant advice to Mr. Jenkins was, not to spend any money in bringing him up to a profession or business, but to settle a yearly income upon him for life. That was the only way in which he could be preserved from want ; but Mr. Jenkins did not like the idea of his son being a drone all his life. He had talent, he argued, if he would but use it in a proper way ; and perhaps, as he grew older, he might become more steady and a useful member of society. The dreams which parents indulge in, regarding the future prospects of their children, are very pleasing ; but how frequently do they prove only dreams ! I never failed to express my doubts as to Alfred's becoming more steady in his conduct when he grew older ; but Mr. Jenkins never liked to have his dreams disturbed, and he still dreamed

on, of his son one day becoming a shining character. He was convinced he would, if he would but be more stable in his conduct, and age might sober him down.

"Well, now Alfred," said Mr. Jenkins, when he came to take away his son from school, for the purpose of entering into life—"Well, now Alfred, have you made up your mind as to what profession you will follow? You know I told you last Christmas that you must decide by Midsummer, for as you were sixteen years of age, it was time that you began to think of the occupation you would like to pursue. Is there then one above all other professions you would prefer? If so, then you shall have the means required."

"Really," replied Alfred, "I have scarcely had time to think of it, for Mr. Farmer has been constantly urging me to learn my lessons. As I was about to leave school, he said, it was positively necessary that I should apply myself to them with diligence."

"Mr. Farmer was quite right," returned Mr. Jenkins, "and I am deeply obliged to him for his solicitude for your welfare. I hope you are likewise grateful to him for his care over you."

Alfred did not reply in words, but his looks seemed to say, "Not exactly." But taking no notice of his silence, Mr. Jenkins went on to urge his son to say what he should like to become, as perhaps his master's assistance in this matter would be of some service to him.

After a long pause, in which Alfred seemed more to be endeavouring to consider the matter, than really to give it consideration, he replied, "Well, papa, I think I should like to become a doctor: yet I don't know either, whether I should not like to be a lawyer better; or suppose I become a merchant or a soldier."

"Suppose you become a simpleton, Alfred!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, sternly. "Really I think I never met with such a fickle-minded boy. I do not know what can be done with him." But Mr. Jenkins loved Alfred, with all his faults, and smoothing his wrinkled brow, he turned to me again to ask my advice in this matter.

Any advice that I could have given Mr. Jenkins conscientiously would, I was aware, not be adopted, and therefore I simply replied, he already knew my opinion, and I had seen no reason to alter it.

"Well, then, Alfred," said his father, "do you really think you should like to become a lawyer?"

"I think I should, papa," replied Alfred.

"Then a lawyer you shall be!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins. "No expense shall be spared in making you one in the best sense of the word, and it will be your own fault if you do not succeed. But do you think, sir," he added, turning to me, "Alfred has sufficient learning to enable him to succeed in that profession?"

"By constant exertion," I replied, "I think I have been enabled to educate Alfred in a way that he may advance himself, if he will, in the profession you have adopted for him; but all will depend on himself. If he is not more steady in his habits, or if he is placed under any one who is not strict with him, then I have no hesitation in saying that he will fail in his profession. Law is a dry study, and I can scarcely think it suitable for one of Alfred's temperament; but he can obtain sufficient knowledge of it to advance himself if he will. My advice to him now is that which it ever has been; namely, to apply himself with all diligence to every matter he may take in hand. If he does this he may prosper; if

he does not, though you may place him in the best possible position for advancing his temporal interests, he will most certainly fail."

Some weeks after Alfred's departure I was informed, by a letter from his father, that he had placed him in one of the first offices in London; and his hopes at this time were confident of his son's success. He requested as a favour, if at any time I had a few minutes to spare when in town, that I would call and see him, and still give him the benefit of my advice. If I could see the gentleman, also, with whom he was placed, and give him a clearer insight into Alfred's character than he had been able to do, it would add to that favour. It might be beneficial to him, by exciting his master's vigilance over him.

There was no necessity for any one, thought I, on reading the letter of Mr. Jenkins, to give Alfred's master any information as to his character. If any one could find it out, a lawyer would, and above all a London lawyer. No one, in fact, could fail of discovering the character of Alfred Jenkins; the changings of a weathercock were not more conspicuous than the changeableness of his mind. However, I resolved to embrace the first opportunity of calling upon Alfred,

and of seeing the gentleman with whom he was placed. At the same time I anticipated what would be the result of the interview.

"I hope, sir," said I, on being ushered into Mr. Blackmore's presence—"I hope, sir, you find Alfred diligent in the study of the law."

"Anything but that, sir," replied Mr. Blackmore, quickly. "I never met with such an unsettled and roving disposition in my life. As for his mastering the study of law, it is all out of the question. He may gain a smattering of law, but he will never become a lawyer. My only wonder is that you made him anything of a scholar. He is scholar sufficient; but what is scholarship without application? it is the dry bones without the life. Wanting this, you want everything in the study of the law."

"And in everything else," I replied.

"And in everything else," reiterated Mr. Blackmore. "I should not have established my reputation, if I had lacked diligence."

"My dear Alfred," I said, as I joined him at his desk, "I was afraid I should hear what I have heard of you."

"What is that, sir?" asked Alfred.

“ That you still are wanting in application ; that you still are fickle-minded. I fear it will prove your ruin. You are placed, by the kindness of your anxious parent, in a position to get on in the world, and you have abilities which would ensure you success, but your fickleness of mind mars all your prospects ”

“ To tell you the truth, sir,” rejoined Alfred, “ I do not like the study of the law ; it is too dry for me. In anything else I might have succeeded, but in the law I cannot.”

“ You will not, rather, Alfred,” I rejoined. “ But let me assure you that it is not only your interest to attend to the study of your profession, but your duty. In whatever station of life we are placed, it is our imperative duty to be diligent. If you take a survey of the world, you will see that nothing great or laudable, nothing splendid or permanent, can be effected without diligence. The pleasures of fortune, the fruits of industry, the acquirements of learning, and the monuments of glory, are all to be referred to diligent industry. Look at the student, engaged in poring over the volumes of learning, by his lamp at the hour of midnight ; see the peasant repairing to the field at the dawn of day ; go to the factory, and

observe with what alacrity all the workpeople are plying their tasks ; or visit the sea-port filled with merchant-ships, and you will see that the whole scene is life, motion, and exertion. The principle of diligence, like the great law of creation, which causes the planets to perform their unceasing revolutions, pervades each busy scene, and throughout the universe actuates the race of men for some useful purpose. Why then, Alfred, should you form an exception to the general rule ? Why be a drone in the midst of this busy hive—the world ? But if you will be a drone, depend upon it, one day or other, the working bees will cast you out.”

Alfred seemed ashamed of himself, and promised to be more diligent. He respected me, and would attend to my admonitions. But I had so frequently had these assurances from his lips, that I could place no confidence in them. It is hard, indeed, for man to alter his inveterate habits. Custom is second nature ; and Alfred’s custom was the worst of all customs—a want of diligence.

His story is soon told. After his term was out at Mr. Blackmore’s, his father established him in the provincial town where he resided, and where he had

considerable influence. Clients were found, plentifully at first ; but it was soon discovered that he had not the requisite knowledge to protect their interests, and his office was deserted. He was a lawyer in name, but he wanted practice. About this time Mr. Jenkins died ; and as he had spent almost all Alfred's portion, in the vain endeavour to establish him in life, he found himself in no enviable position. His establishment was broken up ; his goods were sold ; and with the property he could collect, he emigrated to America. The last I heard of him was, that he had a small farm ; but I question whether by this time he has not been compelled to give up his farm.

Such are the fruits of want of diligence. My young readers, if you would avoid the fate of Alfred Jenkins, shun his besetting fault. In the words of Dr. Franklin, " Resolve to perform what you ought : perform without fail what you resolve."

CHAPTER IV.

A Scene—John Churl, the disobedient Boy—Remarks on the Force of Habit—Mrs. Churl's Account of her Son—John Churl's first Lesson—Disobeys my Orders—James Eades noticed—John Churl's first Punishment—Writes to his Parents—Resolves not to perform his Task—His curious Definition of the Word Dutiful—A Lesson on the Term—John Churl conquered—Still continues disobedient—Rejected as a Scholar—An After-visit from his Parents—His Death—A Lesson on Obedience.

"I THINK," said a parent to a disobedient son, "that never had a parent such a child as thou art." "Yes, sir," replied the ungracious youth; "my grandfather had."

I never heard John Churl so impertinent as this to his parents; but I would not say that he never was.

"There is one thing, sir, I wish to speak to you about before I leave," said John Churl's mother, when she first brought him to school.

"What is that, madam?" I inquired.

"It gives me pain to inform you ; but my son is a disobedient child."

"I am not, though !" muttered John Churl, between his teeth.

"Both his father and myself love him very tenderly ; but it is very rare that he returns our love by filial obedience."

"I do, though !" again muttered John ; and after a moment's pause, he ejaculated in a louder tone, "often. !"

"And his want of filial obedience is rendered more bitter to our hearts, because with it he has contracted a habit of contradicting everything we say."

"I do not, though !" murmured John, in a louder tone than before ; and yet that we might hear it, he repeated in a still louder tone, "I do not, though !"

"You do not, though !" I exclaimed ; "I have heard sufficient to say that you do, though. And let me tell you, sir, that if I hear you contradict your mother again, I shall request you to take leave of her at once, and go into the schoolroom."

John had evidently not been so talked to before ; and while I saw that I should have a troublesome boy to deal with, I had hopes that I should at least cure

him of his habit of contradiction. My hopes were the stronger, because he did not again venture to contradict any more of his mother's statements concerning his accustomed disobedience. She related several little tales in illustration of his character, hoping, as she observed, that by giving me a knowledge of it, I might be the better able to correct his fault.

"Whether I shall be able to correct his fault or no, madam," I replied, "it is hard to say. Custom is able to form the man anew, and to give him even inclinations different from those he was born with. It is related of an idiot, who lived within the sound of a clock, that he always amused himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck. The clock being spoiled by an accident, the idiot continued to count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but it is certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has an extraordinary influence upon the mind."

"But my son, sir," said John Churl's mother, half reddening with anger, "is not an idiot."

"I did not mean, madam, to convey the idea that he is," I replied; "but let me assure you that I would rather have an idiot son, counting the hours of the day whenever the clock strikes, than a son who would dare to contradict me whenever I spoke. But may I ask you, madam, what means you have yourselves taken to correct this error of your son?"

"All the means in our power," replied Mrs. Churl, "have been tried; especially kindness. Indeed, we never contradict him; his father hoping that by the force of example he will one day see his error and amend."

It was evident to me from this statement, how the matter stood—that John Churl had become the master of his father and mother. As I looked at him I thought I never saw such an unlovely character; and for a moment I had some thoughts of declining to keep him under my charge. He might, I thought, corrupt his fellow-pupils, and one day with them even venture to dispute my authority. I intimated my reluctance to Mrs. Churl, and finally concluded that if she did leave him with me, there must be no interference with his treatment."

"I hope," said the too fond mother, "that you will not use the rod, sir!"

"I can give no promise to the contrary, madam," I replied, "on that subject. The rod is the last thing I resort to, and I have not one in my possession; but I do not promise you that, if I cannot do without it, I will not purchase one. I can have no disobedience in my school; for where there is not obedience there cannot be attention to my instructions. Solomon says,

'Withhold not correction from the child;
For if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die.
Thou shalt beat him with the rod,
And shalt deliver his soul from hell.'"

Prov. xxiii. 13, 14.

There was evidently a struggle between the fondness of Mrs. Churl's heart and her better judgment, as to whether she would leave her son behind her or no; but at length the latter prevailed. She had heard of my kindness to my pupils, and she could not suppose that my treatment of her son would form an exception to the rule.

"Depend upon it, madam," I replied, "the rule of

kindness shall be used first ; if that fails, I can still give no promise with reference to the rod. I shall exact obedience from first to last, and I will have it."

There was something in the look of John Churl, which seemed to say : " Will you, though ? We shall see ! " but taking no notice of it, as his parent left with a reluctant step, I led him into the school-room.

" Example hath a louder tongue than precept," I thought to myself as I repaired to my desk, " and I will see what effect it has upon John Churl." So taking him with me to my desk, and seating him on my stool, I bade him observe how obedient my pupils were. This was to be his first lesson at my school.

My pupils gave one universal stare at John Churl, as I placed him there ; but on my directing them to attend to their lessons, all applied to them with great diligence. During the day I used my authority to the utmost, giving commands that were really needless, in order that John Churl might witness the obedience of his fellow-pupils. They were evidently surprised ; but none ventured to dispute my authority in any point ; and at the close of the day I inti-

mated to him that I should expect the same obedience from him.

John Churl's looks again seemed to say, "Will you, though? We shall see!" but he retired to rest before exhibiting any signs of rebellion. He was placed with some of the elder and more thoughtful boys, in order that he might have no opportunity of leading any one astray; and to James Eades, in whom I confided, as Mr. White used to confide in me at Truth-Hall, I expressed a wish that if their new fellow-pupil should venture to talk in his bedroom he should tell me in the morning, and also what he talked about. Silence was ever enjoined in the bedroom, and I explained this to John Churl, directing him not to talk, likewise; but I scarcely expected that he would obey me in this respect, and hence the direction given to James Eades. "But if he talks," I added, "I expect that none of you will talk to him."

"Well, James," I inquired, as he walked into my study the following morning, during my half-hour of leisure, "how did Master Churl behave in the bed-room?"

"Sir," replied James, "I can now understand your conduct yesterday, in placing him on your stool, and

in commanding us in a manner so unusual to yourself."

"I certainly had my reasons for it, James," I rejoined; "but have you really discovered them?"

"I think I have, sir," said James, "for no sooner did John Churl imagine that you were out of hearing, than he began to taunt us with our obedience. 'I say,' he remarked, 'what a set of simpletons you are here! How your master ordered you about, and how you obeyed him! Why, none of you seemed to have a will of your own! But I can tell you he won't find me so obedient. I have not been used to obey. If my parents tell me to do anything, or not to do anything, I usually do just the contrary. I have no idea of being so obedient; and if I am not to my parents, I am sure I shall not be to a schoolmaster! What is he, I wonder? Depend upon it, you will see something some day, if he orders me about as he did you to-day. And what do I care about his telling me not to talk after I get into my bedroom? If you are such simpletons, I can tell you I am not. I am no coward, if you are: I am no coward, I repeat,' and John Churl went to sleep, repeating that he was no coward."

"You have certainly discovered my reasons for my conduct yesterday, James," I resumed; "but what reply was made to him?"

"None at all, sir," answered James; "we respect you too much to disobey you out of your sight and hearing."

"Thank you, James," I replied, "for thus attending to my commands. You did perfectly right. No right-minded boy will ever disgrace himself by disobedience, either to his parents or his preceptor. I fear I shall have much trouble with John Churl."

"I fear you will, sir," said James; "but you may rely upon it we will not encourage him in his disobedience. And, to tell you the truth, before I came into your study, all that slept in the same room with him, cried shame upon him for his conduct last night, and gave him to understand that he need not expect us to join with him."

"Well, John Churl!" I exclaimed, as my pupils reassembled in the schoolroom, after breakfast, "so you have ventured to disobey my first orders. You were told not to talk in your bedroom; and yet you not only talked, but even endeavoured to stir up your fellow-pupils to rebellion."

"That I am sure I did not!" murmured John.

"That adds to your fault," I replied; "you have not only disobeyed me, but have told a falsehood to conceal your fault."

"That I am sure I have not!" he again murmured.

"Speak again, John Churl," I resumed, "and I will add greatly to your punishment. I will have no contradiction here. For your disobedience you will write me out two hundred words, and for your falsehood, two hundred more. If you again venture to speak, you shall write four hundred more. And remember, whatever number is given you, they are to be executed before you leave the schoolroom, except to take your meals."

The words, "Will they, though?" appeared to sit upon John Churl's tongue; but he only ventured to express them in looks, and all resumed their studies in their wonted manner. Lessons over, he was directed to commence his punishment task, while his fellow-pupils, all happy in their obedience, resorted to the playground to fly their kites, play at marbles, or cricket, or trap-ball, or any game they pleased.

Noon passed away, and not a word was written by

John Churl. He sat with his pen and ink and book before him, with a fixed resolution not to comply with my commands. Again lessons were commenced; again his fellow-pupils went out to play; and again John Churl was kept in to perform his task.

Some time after I looked into the schoolroom, and he was writing. "At length he is conquered," I thought to myself; but on seeing me he endeavoured to conceal what he was writing. It was a letter to his mother; and taking it from him, I read thus:—

"Dear Mother,

"I write to enform you I cant stop at schule. I dont like it at all; and I tell you I wont stop. If you dont fech me home agen, I'll run away, and thats all about it. I cant think how you cum to place me here. I cant have my own way in anything; and thats what Ive not been used to. I have not bin out all this day; for because I talked in the bedroom, master says I shal write two hundred words, and because I said I did not talk, I shal write two hundred more; that makes four hundred. I am kep in to write these words,

but I have not writ one yet, and whats more, I dont mean to write them ; we shal see wholl be master. I shal stop in the schule room till I hear from you ; but if you dont cum for me, I say agen Ill run away, and master may ketch me if he can. Now, mind what I say, if you dont fetch me home I shal run away, and thats all about it. So be sure and cum as soon as you receive this.

“ I am, dear Mother,

Your duteful Son,

“ John Churl.”

“ Do you know the meaning of the word dutiful, John Churl ?” I asked, as I laid down the letter.

John paused a little while, and then replied, “ Dutiful, why it means dutiful.”

“ Think again, John,” I resumed, “ and you will surely find some better terms for the explanation than the word itself.” But John Churl, as his letter proves, was no scholar. The meaning of the word dutiful, was dutiful, “ and that was all about it.”

“ The word dutiful, John Churl,” I rejoined, “ implies obedience and submission. When a son,

therefore, asserts, by word or by letter to his parents, that he is their dutiful son, he signifies that he is obedient and submissive to them. And the good and dutiful son is one who honours his parents, by paying them the utmost respect and deference, by a filial affection for their persons, by a cheerful attention to their advice, and by a constant obedience to their commands. As he becomes daily sensible of the obligations he owes to his parents, he grows every day more desirous to show his gratitude to them. In his childhood he employs the strictest attention to the education bestowed upon him ; and in his youth he follows the profession or business that he is designed for with ardour ; that so he may, by his proficiency in each, both please and honour his parents. If at any time he does what is wrong—if, for instance, at any time he disobeys his parents—he receives their admonitions with dutiful submission, and never repeats the same fault. Now this is not your character, John Churl ; and therefore you have no right to subscribe yourself in this letter as a dutiful son. But you may send the letter as it is written, for its contents will contradict your assertion. At the same time, I will address your parents .

on the subject, and if they choose to fetch you away, they are welcome; and if they do not, and you choose to run away, you may do so if you please: I certainly shall not take the trouble to run after you; no! not one step. A disobedient boy can never have my regards."

In my letter to John Churl's parents, I explained that I had commenced my endeavours to correct his grievous error thus early, from the conviction that it would be better to begin at once:—it might save him much punishment during the half-year, and it might spare them years of anguish. Contrary to my expectations, they replied, that they were grateful for the step I had taken; and they sincerely hoped that I should succeed. John had been a source of grief to them for years, on account of his disobedience, and they hoped that under my care he would become an obedient boy. At the same time a letter was received by John Churl, in which his parents enjoined him to obey me; to write his four hundred words directly, if he had not already written them; and for the future to be submissive and obedient.

John Churl was now in a dilemma. On reading his parents' letter, he bit his lips with anger; and

for a long time he sat, as if resolving what he should do. He had clearly never been so spoken to before; and he did not know what to make of it. Still there was no attempt to write one word of his task.

If he did not know what to do, he knew what he would not do; unless, at least, he should by any chance be compelled to yield. Three days did John Churl sit, with his pen, ink, and paper before him, and not a word was yet written. During that time he had plenty of opportunities of running away if he chose, for he was under no restraint; the door was unlocked, and I must confess that I should not have been sorry to have heard that he was gone. But John sat still and moodily in the schoolroom for three long days, while his fellow-pupils were enjoying themselves in their hours of recreation, in whatever pastime they pleased.

At length, on the fourth day, I conquered; and never was commander of a host more pleased at gaining a battle than I was on obtaining this victory.

"John Churl," said I, on the morning of that eventful day, "it is now three days you have had that task to perform. Let me tell you, that if it is not done to-day, I will double it. And I will do

more than that ; I will obtain a new rod, and you shall be the first boy in the school to whom I ever applied that instrument of punishment. And depend upon it, if I am compelled to use it, it will be to some purpose."

Although my looks as well as words showed a fixed determination to perform what I had promised, yet John Churl answered them with a look which implied his usual thoughts ; " Will you, though ? We shall see ! "

" We shall see," I thought to myself, as I left the room ; leaving John to do whatever he pleased about the matter. About an hour after, as I looked from my study window, I saw my refractory pupil sauntering down the playground at his leisure, not deigning or venturing to speak to any of the boys.

" And so he has at length ventured to disobey me thus flagrantly ! " I remarked, as I left my room ; " but we shall see who will be master yet."

John was still sauntering down the playground ; and before he saw me, I laid hold of his arm, and demanded how he dared to disobey me by going out before his lesson was done.

" It is done," replied John, moodily ; but knowing

his habit of contradiction, I would not believe him till I had seen it, and therefore I led him back to the schoolroom. As I looked at it I could hardly believe my own eyes ; but there it was, certainly : four hundred words written by John Churl, in the best style of penmanship of which he was capable.

"You may go, John," I remarked, after surveying this evidence of my victory ; "and for the future I hope we shall understand each other better. If I find you an obedient scholar, you will find me a kind preceptor."

John still looked moodily, and still seemed to say, "We shall see !" but taking no notice of this, I concluded that I had gained a great victory. If John could be conquered once, he could be conquered again and again, and at length he might learn the lesson of obedience, which it was so desirable he should be taught. That night's post conveyed a letter to his parents detailing the victory, and expressing a hope that I should be able to send him home at the vacation an altered character ; and the next post brought me a letter of thanks and congratulation on my success. "John," it was said in the letter, "had never yielded so before."

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ?
Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."

Jer. xiii. 23.

Truly, the leopard might as well have been expected to change its spots as John Churl to change his character. Not only once, but many times during the half-year I had to conquer him by determination, so that he was really a burden to me. During that period I had constantly informed his parents that all my efforts were useless ; and when he returned, a letter was sent by him, intimating that I could not receive him back again. He had not been able to teach his fellow-pupils disobedience as yet ; but the force of his example might eventually lead them astray, and therefore it was better that he should leave. Twice the sum, nay ten times the sum I received for his board and education, would not, it was added, compensate me for the trouble he gave in correcting this one fatal error in his character.

Years rolled on, and John Churl was almost forgotten ; when, one day, his parents paid me a visit. They were clothed in the garb of mourners, and grief was on their countenances. "Can it be that

John is dead?" I thought to myself. It could be: John was dead. Against his parents' wish he had gone out with a gay party "yachting," and was drowned. How did those parents' tears roll down their faces as they related the sad tidings! and how did their hearts mourn over their disobedient son! And I, what could I do? I could not offer them the consolation which they seemed to seek, for I knew it was written in the book of Holy Writ:—

"The eye that mocketh at his father,
And despiseth to obey his mother,
The ravens of the valley shall pick it out,
And the young eagles shall eat it."

Prov. xxx. 17.

The scene was heart-rending, and they left as they came—in tears.

My young reader, I hope you are not in the habit of disobeying your parents: if so, beg pardon of them at once, and be careful never to disobey them in future. In the law of Moses this command is found:—"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have

chastened him, will not hearken unto them ; then shall his father and mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of the place ; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, ‘ This our son is stubborn, and rebellious, he will not obey our voice : he is a glutton and a drunkard.’ And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die : so shalt thou put away evil from you ; and all Israel shall hear and fear.”—Deut. xxi. 18—21. We see by this how hateful the sin of disobedience is in the sight of God. And though this law now neither applies to the Jews nor to the Gentiles, yet we frequently see that disobedient children are punished in this life for their wickedness. Thus John Churl was suddenly cut off, without time for repentance. Be sure, then, my young readers, to practise obedience to your parents. “ Honour your parents and elders,” said a pagan philosopher, “ that, if you should become parents and elders, you may have the same honour.”

“ HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER ; THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG UPON THE LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE.”—Exod. xx. 12.

“CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS IN THE LORD :
FOR THIS IS RIGHT. HONOUR THY FATHER AND MO-
THER ; WHICH IS THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH
PROMISE, THAT IT MAY BE WELL WITH THEE, AND
THOU MAYEST LIVE LONG ON THE EARTH.”—Ephes.
vi. 1—3.

CHAPTER V.

Contentment essential to the Happiness of Mankind—The Poet Cowley—Isaak Walton quoted—Discontent general—The Character of Philip Golding—His Indulgences at School—A Scene—His Character a difficult Problem to my old Pupils—A Lesson on Contentment—The poor blind Boy—Old Humphreys—How he learned the Lesson of Contentment—Philip Golding's Prospect on leaving School—Parting without regret—His search for Happiness—Disappointed—Thoughts on Discontent—An Anecdote of Philip, king of Macedon.

THERE are few dispositions so essential to the happiness of mankind as contentment. Without this disposition, indeed, all the wealth of this world would fail to convey happiness to the mind. And yet how few cultivate a contented disposition! It is related of the poet Cowley, that, having known the perplexities of a particular condition, he readily persuaded himself that nothing worse was to be found, and that every alteration would bring some improvement. But he never suspected that the cause of his unhappiness was within him; that his own passions were

not sufficiently regulated ; and that he was harassed by his own impatience, which would accompany him over the sea, and find its way to his American elysium. Had he made the trial, he would soon have discovered that the fountain of content must spring up in his own mind, and that he who seeks happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove. " I knew a man," writes Izaak Walton, in his ' Angler,' " who had wealth and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready-furnished, and who would often trouble himself and family by removing from one house to another. Being asked by a friend, why he removed so often ? he replied, it was to find content in some of them. ' Content,' said his friend, ' ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul.' "

The general want of contentment is not only seen in the world of men and women, but in the world of boys and girls. During the period that I kept a school I was particularly struck with this feature in the character of boys. Although it was my earnest endeavour to render them all happy as the day was long, yet few felt themselves contented at school.

Often was I pained to hear, on the eve of breaking-up, some one or other of my old pupils declare that they should not return. Mr. Farmer was very kind, but they were not contented ; they would go to some other school, if they were obliged to go to school at all. I knew their talk was idle ; but it conveyed the idea that they lacked contentment, and that consequently they were not happy.

One of the most noted characters of this kind in my school was Philip Golding, who was the son of opulent parents in London. If he had but possessed a contented disposition, never was a boy more likely to have been happy at school than Philip Golding. Every week the carrier brought him a parcel containing something which his parents thought would contribute to his comfort. Added to this he had always plenty of money at command ; and in order that he might enjoy himself, a beautiful little pony was kept at his father's expense in my stable, that he might ride out whenever he had an opportunity. Still, with all these rare advantages—for what boy would not think them rare ?—Philip Golding was not contented.

“I cannot stop at school, dear mother,” said he,

as he threw his arms lovingly round her neck, with tears in his eyes, "I am so unhappy!"

"And what makes you so unhappy, my dear boy?" asked Mrs. Golding.

"I do not know," he rejoined; "but I am so unhappy!"

"Your master is kind to you, I hope; indeed I feel assured he is," said his mother.

"Oh, yes," returned Philip, "he is very kind; but still for all this I am not happy."

"Is there anything you wish for?" inquired his parent.

"Nothing, thank you, mamma, only to leave school. I think I should be happy anywhere else."

"But, my dear boy," expostulated his mother, "I fear we cannot gratify you in this wish. You know it is essential that you should have some learning, and how can you obtain it without going to school? Be patient for a few years; and then you will leave school honourably."

Then turning to me, Mrs. Golding resumed: "I know, sir, that you do everything in your power to make Philip happy; and you must not take any notice of what he has said. The fact is, I fear, he

will never be happy anywhere. Even at home he never seems contented : he is then always desirous of going somewhere—to visit a friend, or go to some place of amusement that he may be happy. And you may rely upon it we shall never take any notice of his wish to leave your school ; and I still hope that he will become more contented than he is.”

More than once have I witnessed such a scene as this between Philip Golding and his parents, in my parlour ; and more than once have I had to remonstrate with him for his conduct on their departure.

Nor in my parlour alone have I witnessed the want of contentment in Philip Golding’s character. Even when engaged at play with his fellow-pupils, he never seemed happy ; nor could all the love of his playmates make him so. And Philip was truly loved by them. He was a boy of most excellent disposition ; kind to all around him to a degree I have rarely witnessed. Never had he a parcel from his parents, but every one in the school partook of its contents ; and he never went out with his pony but he would ask me to let one or the other of them, in turns, go out with him, that they might have a ride likewise. All this naturally endeared him to the

whole group, and every one strove to make him happy.

Still Philip Golding was not happy at school ; and why ?—Because he wanted contentment. My pupils used to express wonder at his unhappiness ; and many a time have I heard them say, “ I only wish I stood in Philip Golding’s shoes ! I am sure I should be contented and happy.” They could not make it out that he should not be so. He had everything the heart of a boy could wish for at school, and yet was not contented. It was a problem more difficult than they could find in the pages of Euclid : they could not solve it.

“ I wish we could see Philip Golding happy once, sir,” said James Eades to me one day as he entered my study. “ We do everything in our power to render him so ; but he never is : we cannot make it out.”

“ I fear, James,” I replied, “ you have imposed upon yourselves a hopeless task. Neither his parents, nor myself, nor you can by kindness make him happy. He wants something within him to render him so, and that is contentment.”

“ But, sir,” rejoined James, “ perhaps if you were

to give him some advice on the subject it would do him good ; and I was deputed by some of the boys, who really love him, as I do myself, to ask you to speak to him."

"I have repeatedly given him advice, James," I replied, "unknown to you ; but if you will call him in, I will readily speak to him again, although I fear it will be to no purpose."

"I am sorry, Philip," I observed, as he entered my study, "that you defy all the efforts of your parents, and myself, and your school-fellows to make you happy. Depend upon it, if you go on in this way you will become miserable. You will tire all your friends out, and you will not have one left. And what is life without friendship? You may have money, as one day you will probably in great abundance, but this will fail to make you happy."

"I think, sir," said Philip, "when the time comes for my leaving school I shall be happy."

"You may think so," I rejoined, "but rely upon it, Philip, if you do not cultivate the spirit of contentment, you will find yourself mistaken. In contentment alone is happiness to be found. Content, said Socrates, is natural wealth ; and let me assure you

that he who does not possess it, though he may have the riches of a Cræsus, will be poor as Lazarus, who daily partook of the crumbs which fell from the table of Dives. Discontent having once seized the mind, acts as a corrosive, by eating out our present comforts, and spreading a gloom over our prospects. It broods over imaginary sorrows, and injures the body as well as the soul. And it is a growing evil. If as a boy you are discontented, what will you be as a man? There are several reasons why every one should be contented, and you in particular. First, you have more than you brought into the world with you; second, you have more than Jesus Christ had, who had not where to lay his head; third, you have more than you deserve; fourth, you have more than you improve, or are thankful for; fifth, you have as much as God thinks best for you; and, sixth, you have more comforts than thousands of your fellow-creatures. Let me entreat you, therefore, my dear Philip, as you value your happiness, to cultivate a spirit of contentment."

Philip Golding thanked me for my advice, and premised to attend to it: he would strive to be contented and happy, even while at school. But his

disposition still mocked all the arts of his school-fellows, to render him happy. His happiness was still studied by them ; but he was still unhappy, because he was discontented.

It is not worldly circumstances that contribute happiness to mankind. A king on his throne, wanting contentment of heart, may be wretched ; while the peasant in his cottage, who has contentment, may be happy.

" You have a miserable hovel here, Humphreys !" I remarked, as one day I sat myself down on a log by the side of his fire, which consisted only of a few lighted sticks, and which every moment threatened to become extinct.

" And yet, if the truth were known, sir," returned Old Humphreys, " it is better than I deserve."

" How so, Humphreys ?"

" Because I am a sinner, sir."

" And so is every man, Humphreys ; and yet many enjoy fine mansions, while you dwell in this wretched cottage."

" But that has nothing to do with the matter, sir : God gives wealth and possessions to whomsoever he sees fit, while he denies them to others. He has



HUMBLE CONTENTMENT.

seen fit to deny them to me, and it is my duty to submit to his will. But let me tell you that he has given me what many a rich man wants."

"And what is that, Humphreys?"

"A contented mind."

"And are you really content to live in this wretched cottage?"

"Have you heard me ever murmur at my lot? Or have you ever heard of any one who did hear me repine?"

"Never!"

"Never!" reiterated Humphreys, "never! Old Humphreys, sir, by God's grace has learned the lesson of contentment. I have brought up a large family of children, without even asking the parish for a shilling to help me: brought them all up to manhood, by the sweat of my brow; and yet have ever been content with my lot. A hard struggle it was, to be sure, sometimes; but yet I have never murmured."

"And how did you learn this lesson of contentment?"

"I learned it in the religion I profess, sir, and I hope practise. I read in my Bible, 'Be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never

leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Heb. xiii. 5. I read also that the blessed Apostle Paul, who knew more hardships than old Humphreys has ever known, or ever will know, was yet able to say, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' Phil. iv. 11. And if St. Paul did not complain, should I? Then look at the example of our Saviour. Though Lord of all, yet for our sakes he became poor; poorer than even Old Humphreys, for he had not even where to lay his sacred head. And if our Saviour did not complain, should I? And if I did complain would that make my lot more easy? Never yet have I murmured, and what is more I hope I never shall. Hard as my lot is, it might be worse: and this I know, that in a few short years my trials will be over—and then——"

"And then what?" I inquired, as old Humphrey paused.

"And then, through the merits of my Redeemer, I shall be in heaven, where all my trials will be over. Who, with such a prospect before him, would complain of the troubles of a moment?"

"None but a madman," I rejoined, as I shook the sinewy hand of old Humphreys; and as I re-

tired from his cottage, I ejaculated, "Truly, godliness, with contentment, is great gain."—Tim. vi. 6.

I knew the character of old Humphreys, and had taken Philip Golding with me, that he might hear a lesson from his lips, hoping that he might be benefited thereby. But contentment was a lesson he could never learn. He could master hard tasks in Latin and Greek ; but this was a task he could never conquer. He could grapple successfully with complicated questions in his mathematical studies, but he could not successfully grapple with that ruling passion of his heart—discontent.

"I shall now be happy," said Philip Golding to his fellow-pupils, on the morning that he was about to leave school. "I have long looked for this day, and I shall now be happy."

The countenances of my old pupils seemed to indicate that they thought it was a question. *They* might possibly be so, were *they* about to leave school ; but Philip Golding, they conceived, would never be happy anywhere, or under any circumstances. He had resisted all their efforts to make him happy, and would any one succeed if *they* had failed ? At the latter part of Philip Golding's sojourn at school, in-

deed, they had not been so assiduous to please him, for they felt it was an ungrateful task. At the time of his departure they were not even sorry to lose him; although they would also lose their share in his treats, and their rides upon his pony. He had fairly forfeited their love by his discontent; and as they bade him good-bye not a tear was seen, and all went to their play without uttering a word of regret at losing a playmate.

My young readers may ask, "Was Philip Golding happy when he left school?" The answer is, No! On many occasions, in future years, I called upon his parents in town, and whenever I made the inquiry as to whether he was of a more contented disposition, the invariable answer was, "No!"

"I tell you what, sir," said his father one day after I had put this question to him; "I fear Philip will never be contented. Both his mother and myself have endeavoured from his earliest years to make him happy, but all our endeavours have proved fruitless. And he is not the only sufferer from his disposition. His conduct renders *us* unhappy, and especially his poor mother. For my own part, of late, I have not been so careful to indulge him in

his wishes as in his earliest years. I see it is of no use ; for do whatever I may for him, he is still discontented. I fear his one ruling wish now is that he may possess my wealth without control, thinking he shall then be happy ; but if he had ten times as much as I have laid up in store for him, it would fail to make him contented."

The fear of Philip Golding's father has been verified. No sooner did he come into the possession of his fortune, than he left the house in which he had been so tenderly brought up. There was no contentment to be found there, so he would seek it elsewhere. The whole world was before him, and he had the means of carrying him to whatever part of the world he chose to go. England was not large enough for him, so he would travel in quest of happiness. He sought it ardently in different countries, but it still eluded his grasp. Even Italy, with its blue sky and its exhilarating air, could not convey happiness to his heart. He felt its cheering breezes ; they fanned his feverish brow, but they did not affect his heart : that was still as discontented as ever. Again he returned to his native country ; and, although I have not heard of him for many a long year, I

fear content is still a stranger to the heart of Philip Golding.

It has been well observed that he is most happy who grieves not for what he has not, and rejoices in what he hath. This is, indeed, a blessed state of mind to possess. And they that deserve nothing should be content with anything ; yet how hard is it to learn this lesson ! It is in the very nature of man to grasp after something which he has not. Some are discontented because they are not richer ; and yet, if they had more, perhaps they would be covetous. Others are discontented because they are not healthy ; but yet, if they had better health, they might become licentious. Some are discontented because they are not more esteemed ; and yet, if they had a greater reputation, they might become proud. God knows what is best for man, and he gives them that which is best for them. He so apportions every man's condition, that although he has some sorrows, yet he has also some joys. I hope my young readers will be come duly sensible of God's love towards them, and then they will learn the lesson of contentment. And that they should learn this lesson is very important for their true welfare. "Those," says an old writer,

“who are always discontented, are neither fit for earth nor heaven: not for the former, because they enjoy nothing properly; and not for the latter, for such a disposition is opposite to those who are admitted there: if they should even gain heaven, it is very likely they would be discontented with something in that glorious place.”

CHAPTER VI.

The Spendthrift borrowing of the Miser—Edward Gray and Henry Jones—A Disappointment—A Discovery—The Debtor and Creditor—Edward Gray's Debts proved—A Lesson on Extravagance—Edward Gray's Debts paid by his Parents—The Spirit of Charity inculcated—An Anecdote of a young Lady in a Pastry-cook's shop—A Story of Chosroes, King of Persia—My old Pupil's Generosity—Edward Gray and Henry Jones exceptions—A Lesson on Avarice—An Emblem; Sisyphus rolling a Stone—The wish of Hippocrates.—Edward Gray and Henry Jones ashamed of themselves.—Advice to the Reader.

"I WILL be sure to repay you," said Edward Gray to his fellow-pupil, Henry Jones, as he importuned him to lend him a shilling. "I will be sure to repay you, as soon as my mamma comes to see me. I shall have plenty of money then, and you have no occasion to fear. I will certainly repay you."

Henry Jones replied with a shake of the head.

"Nay, do not shake your head," continued Edward Gray; "do be my friend for once! I think you

are the only one at school who has never stood my friend."

"I do not doubt it," answered Henry Jones. "Why then will you be so singular and unkind?" asked Edward Gray.

"Because I like to be safe," replied Jones.

"Well, but I will be sure to repay you," urged Edward Gray, "and I will promise to give you interest for the loan of it. Let me see: mamma writes me word that she will come and see me in a month. Well, then, I will give you twopence for the loan of your shilling. Will that do?"

"No," replied Henry Jones, laconically.

"Will threepence do?" inquired Edward.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

"Why, how hard you are!" resumed Edward Gray. "Let me see: threepence interest for a shilling; the loan to be for one month: what would that be per cent?—There are twenty shillings in a pound, which would make five shillings for a pound. Why I do declare it would be twenty-five per cent., and that will not satisfy you! Would fourpence?"

"No," returned Henry Jones.

"And why?" inquired Edward Gray.

"Because," replied Jones, "I have my doubts whether I should ever see my money back again, much more receive interest upon it. It will not do, Gray. You have not a simpleton to deal with."

"But indeed I will pay you," said Edward Gray, imploringly; "I shall have plenty of money when mamma comes to see me, and you shall certainly have it back again. I will even give you a written promise, if you won't believe me."

"It will not do, Gray, I tell you again," replied Henry Jones; "I am not to be caught. My money is safer in my own purse. 'Whatever you do at school,' said my father, the night before I left home, 'never lend your money.' And I mean at least in this respect to follow his advice. My money, I say again, is safer in my own purse."

"You are an ill-natured fellow!" muttered Edward Gray, as Jones walked off, "and what is more, you are a miser!"

"Call me what you please, Gray, but you will not get a shilling out of the purse of Henry Jones: its strings are drawn too tight for that."

As he said this, Jones thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to assure himself that his money was all

safe, and that Edward Gray had not obtained a shilling from its contents.

There are but few boys who could keep their money so safe in their pockets as Henry Jones ; and I hope I may say, but few boys who could spend it so fast as Edward Gray. When the latter came to school, he always had his purse well replenished ; but in a short time it became as shrivelled, nay, more shrivelled than my bag of marbles ; which, at Truth Hall, I contrasted with John Cope's bloated bag, to the amusement of my companions. Besides this, Edward Gray had an allowance of sixpence per week, in order, as his parents observed, that he should not be without money. And yet he was always without money ; or, at least, he had no sooner got it than he spent it. His weekly allowance was to be paid him on the Monday morning ; but it was his usual rule to ask for it some days before it became due. On more than one occasion he has endeavoured to obtain some weeks in advance ; but this was never allowed, as I conceived that sixpence per week was quite sufficient for any of my pupils to spend. Edward Gray, however, did not think so ; and, therefore, no sooner had his own resources failed, than he would importune

his fellow-pupils to lend him some of their spare cash.

It was a long time before I became really acquainted with Edward Gray's character; and the discovery was only made by overhearing the conversation between himself and Henry Jones. Calling the truthful James Eades into my study, I related what I had heard, and asked him whether it was true, that Gray had been in the habit of borrowing money of his fellow-pupils.

"I am sorry to say, sir," replied James, "that he has; and what is more, I fear he will never repay them. He is always promising that when he returns from school, or when his mamma comes, he will pay; but whatever money he may have on these occasions, is sure to be spent upon himself."

"This is a sad trait in a boy's character, James," I resumed: "but can you tell me how much he has borrowed?"

"I cannot say, exactly," answered James; "but if you please, sir, I will ascertain of each boy, and will give you an account of what has been lent to him."

"I directed James Eades to obtain this infor-

mation, and in a few hours the subjoined document was placed in my hands :—

Monies lent to Edward Gray during the last year.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
James Eades	2	8
James Marsh	1	10
Alfred Jenkins	2	2
Arthur Golding	4	7
Samuel Wild	3	1
William Winter	1	5
Charles Tombs	2	4
Edward Bourne.....	1	9
Thomas Manton	1	3
Anthony Smith	2	1
Peter Farley	1	6
Matthew Eden	1	2
John Coates	1	7
	£1	7 5

“ This is a sad affair, James,” I remarked, after having read this document ; “ and let me ask how you and your fellow-pupils could be so silly as to lend him this money ? ”

“ Well, sir,” replied James, “ that is a difficult question to answer. But to tell you the truth, it

was chiefly lent before it became known that he was a debtor to all of us. He always took us aside when he borrowed money of us, and was sure to enjoin us to secrecy. We were not to say anything about it to the other boys, and he would be sure to repay us as soon as he returned to school, or as soon as his mamma came. We could not doubt his word, and we knew he had the means of paying; and therefore he obtained our money."

"I fear, James, you will have to pay for your folly; but tell Edward Gray to come to me."

"Well, Gray," I observed, as he stood before me; "I have here a long list of creditors to whom you are debtor. Here are the names of thirteen boys who have, between them, lent you money to the amount of one pound seven shillings and five pence."

"I am sure, sir," replied Edward Gray, "I do not owe them so much as that! I never kept an account of what they have lent me, but it cannot be so much as that!"

Every boy, however, was confronted with him, and he was convinced that he was really their debtor to that amount.

"Edward Gray," I continued, "you, have not

only been foolish enough to contract debts which you cannot pay, but also wicked enough to deny that you owed them."

"Oh! I can pay them, sir," interrupted Gray; "as soon as my mamma comes, they shall all have their money."

"Your promise goes for nothing, Gray," I replied. "If you really meant to repay them, you would certainly before this time have done so. To my knowledge you have had several sums of money given by your parents on visiting you, besides your weekly allowance; and therefore it is my duty to take the matter in hand. I shall certainly write to your parents, to tell them in what a position you are placed, and ask them to allow me to pay over to your fellow-pupils your weekly allowance, till the whole is paid."

Edward Gray cried bitterly on hearing this, and importuned me not to write: he would be sure to repay them as soon as his mamma came to see him. My letter, however, was sent; and the reply was more satisfactory to my old pupils than I could have wished. His parents were sorry that he had acted so foolishly; but if I would pay them, they would

pay me again. They could not endure the idea of their son being without some money in his pocket ; and they would still wish him to have his weekly allowance.

“ I fear, Gray,” I remarked, as I communicated this fact to him and his fellow-pupils, “ that your parents are more fond than wise. In my opinion it would have been better to have made you pay your debts from your own resources. However, I will do as they wish ; but at the same time I must enjoin all in the school never again to lend you one penny. It is a sad habit for a boy to contract. If you thus early lavish away your money, what will you do when you become a man ? The foundation of property and riches is often laid in childhood. If a youth spends his money as fast as he has it given him, he will most likely become a spendthrift ; and if he contracts a habit of borrowing money, he will, no doubt, in after life, bring himself into many difficulties. I have known more than one who have been utterly ruined by this habit ; and what is more, they have lost all their friends by it ; for when a man is ever drawing on the purses of his friends, they soon discover that he only seeks their friendship for selfish ends, and then they cast him

off. It is quite evident, indeed, that you have lost the confidence of your fellow-pupils by your habit, and by your broken promises. They see you cannot be trusted, and I apprehend that the injunction I have laid upon them was scarcely needed. My advice, therefore, to you is, that you be more frugal for the future. Depend upon it you will find economy a very useful thing in life. By it you will gain that independence of character which is so essential to the happiness of mankind. I can conceive nothing more despicable in a man or a boy, than to be always seeking to borrow money of his friends. Rather than do this, for the future, deny yourself those gratifications in which you have indulged, and then you will retrieve your character. I would not have boys to be selfish ; but I would have them to be careful of that which is their own. They should share everything with their playmates ; but they should not allow any one among them to encroach upon their kindness, as Edward Gray has done. If they really had any money to spare, instead of parting with it for another boy to squander away, they might have given it to the needy. There are many children in the world, and some in our own

locality, who even stand in need of a piece of bread to satisfy their hunger. And rely upon it, my dear pupils," I continued, turning to them, "you would find a great luxury in doing good to your fellow-creatures. If it were generally known how little trouble and how little expense are required to do much good, the heartfelt satisfaction which arises from relieving the wants and promoting the happiness of our fellow-creatures is so great that, I am persuaded, acts of charity would be more frequent, and the miseries of mankind greatly lessened. If money spent in idle superfluities were devoted to the cause of humanity, how much would human misery be alleviated! I have read of a little girl, who entered a pastrycook's shop in order to purchase some sweetmeats. At that very moment a wretched old woman solicited charity, and the young lady no sooner cast her eyes on her, than, giving the money she had in her hand, she exclaimed, 'That is better!' and darted out of sight in an instant. And so it was better—far better. If she had purchased her sweetmeats, no sooner had they been consumed than they would have been forgotten; but this act of charity would be a comfort to her heart all the days of her

life. It is related of Chosroes, king of Persia, that in conversation with two philosophers and his vizir, he asked, What situation of man was most to be deplored? One of the philosophers maintained, that it was old age, accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body oppressed with extreme infirmities, the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a series of misfortunes. The vizir said, he knew of a condition to be more pitied:—it was that of him who had passed through life without doing good; and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. I believe the vizir was wiser than the philosophers. The man who fritters away his life without doing good to his fellow-creatures, and especially if he has the means to do good, must be in a pitiable condition in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment. But it does not require great wealth to be able to do good. Mr. Wesley, of whom you have often read, contrived to give away a large sum of money out of a small income. His mode, as related by himself, was this:—When he had thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year, receiving sixty

pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year, he received a hundred and twenty pounds, and gave to the poor ninety-two; and so on, to the end of the chapter of this worthy man's benevolence. On a moderate calculation, in about fifty years, he gave away twenty or thirty thousand pounds. Think of that, my dear boys, and at least, in some degree, follow his example."

My lesson had a pleasing effect on my old pupils. On proceeding to repay the money they had lent to Edward Gray, according to the request of his parents, James Eades proposed that they should leave it in my hands to give to the poor. They did not expect it, he said, and surely they could now spare it. All assented, nor would they listen to my request, that I should place it in their hands, to do what they pleased with.—They did not expect it, they reiterated, and they could spare it. Some of the more wealthy among them even insisted upon my taking something more from their purses, and I could not refuse to let them enjoy the luxury of charity.

"And what have you to give, Edward Gray?" I inquired. Edward held down his head and mut-

tered, "Nothing." He evidently felt ashamed, and I could not press him for that which he had not got.

"But what have you to give, Henry Jones?" I asked as I turned to him.

"Nothing," was the bold reply.

"Nothing!" I rejoined: "do you neither lend nor give? I know you have plenty of money."

"And I mean to keep it, sir," said Henry Jones. "My parents advised me to keep my money in my pocket, and I mean to follow their advice."

"But surely your parents would not object to your giving sixpence away in charity?"

"I don't know that, sir," replied Jones. "Father never gives anything away himself. If a beggar come to the door, he always tells him he has a parish to go to, and has no business to be wandering about from house to house. He is obliged to pay poor-rates, and he does not see why he should give more for their support."

"But you do not pay poor-rates, Jones," I objected. "No, sir," answered Jones, "but father does, and that is all the same thing. I am sure if I were to give anything away, he would be very angry with

me, and I am quite sure he would stop it out of my allowance."

"That would be a pity indeed, Jones!" I exclaimed: "but do you really mean to be singular? Cannot the example of your playmates incite you to a good action?"

"No, sir!" said Jones, thrusting his hand into his pocket, in order again to assure himself that his money was safe. "My parents advised me to keep my money in my pocket, and I mean to follow their advice. I will neither give nor lend."

"Well, Jones," I replied, "I shall not press you any further in the matter; but let me tell you that you do not possess a very enviable disposition; for I fear, from what I know of your character, it is not obedience to your parents' injunctions that makes you keep your money in your purse, but avarice. And this vice in a boy is deeply to be deplored. Of the two, I would rather be a spendthrift, like Edward Gray, than a miser, like yourself. Avarice, says an old writer, keeps a man always on the wheel, and makes him a slave for his life-time; his hands or his head are perpetually employed. When one project is finished, his inclinations roll

to another, so that his rest is only variety of labour.

“A covetous man is like the cypress-tree ; he may appear flourishing, but he is fruitless. And yet, in the true sense of the word, he is poor. Bion, the philosopher, once remarked to a miser, that he did not possess wealth, but his wealth possessed him. It is the man who uses his wealth only as the instrument of doing good that is truly wealthy ; and the covetous are not only in reality poor, but wicked. In the Bible no vice is more severely censured than covetousness. It is not only called idolatry, but God is said ‘to abhor the covetous ;’ and it is plainly intimated that ‘whoso loveth this world, the love of the Father is not in him.’ And the worst of avarice is, that it is a growing evil. Many vices are abandoned when old age comes on, but avarice takes deeper root, as old age advances. We may also reason and persuade some men from the practice of many vices ; but this evil principle so hardens the heart and stops the ears, that few, if any, have been induced thereby to alter their conduct. Nothing but Almighty grace in the heart can make an avaricious man benevolent. The great and learned Hippocrates once wished a

consultation of all the physicians in the world, that they might consult how to cure covetousness. Such a consultation, if it was ever held, was in vain. It is now more than two thousand years ago since he had this desire, and, after him, both philosophers and divines have endeavoured to cure it, but they have had very little success. 'Joshua stopped the course of the sun,' said Saint Ambrose, 'but I cannot stop the course of avarice—the sun stood still, but avarice goes on.' When the dangerous nature of this vice, and the great difficulty of curing it, is considered, we may see the great reason of our Lord's caution to his disciples: 'Take heed, and beware of covetousness.'"

I believe there was not one among my old pupils who envied the feelings of Henry Jones; and as he went to the playground with them, he hung down his head, as though he did not belong to their society. So also did Edward Gray, and I have no doubt they both for the time felt ashamed of themselves. Soon after, however, they mingled in their pastimes as though nothing had happened; and as harmony was inculcated among them, the rest did not refuse to play with them. Still I thought I perceived, and I

have no doubt I was correct, that those who had thus given their money to the poor, played with much lighter hearts than either the spendthrift Gray or the avaricious Jones.

So far as I was able to judge, the characters of Edward Gray and Henry Jones remained the same while under my roof. After they left school I lost sight of them ; but, if they are still living, I fear the one is a spendthrift, the other a miser ; two characters which I hope none of my young readers resemble. While I would advise them to be careful, I would also advise them to be generous. They should save everything—not for their own use, for that would make them selfish—but that they may be able to administer to the wants and necessities of their fellow-creatures.

CHAPTER VII.

The Universality of Pride—Gilbert Sinclair, a notable Example of the Pride inherent in Human Nature—How John Cumming was repulsed by him.—Prides himself on his expected Riches—Rebuked for his Pride—An imaginary Picture: the Ants and the Molehill—An Emblem—Gilbert Sinclair inherits his expected Wealth, and how he acted when he came into Possession of it—My Reception at the “Mansion House”—Gilbert Sinclair’s Fall—A Question and Answer; Forbearance inculcated—The Foolishness and Sin of Pride—The Parable of the Penitent and the Publican.

To how many impressions is human nature subject, and how soon do they display themselves! One of the most conspicuous of these is pride. Few people, indeed, are free from this vice. When at Truth Hall, as a pupil, I displayed it myself in such a manner as often to draw rebuke from the lips of my dear old master. “There, now!” said Charles Murphy to me one day, after I had been rebuked for my vanity: “There, now! though you are a philosopher, you see that you are not immaculate. If you are not merry

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JUVENILE CHARITY.

and wanton like myself, you are proud." Charles little knew that even philosophy could not cure this vice of human nature. Diogenes in his tub was as proud as Xerxes on his Persian throne.

And yet, why should man be proud? The time of flourishing pride will soon be over, and the little greatness of man will soon be lost and forgot in eternity. Knowing this, why then, I ask again, should man be proud?

I once put this question to Gilbert Sinclair, who for the pride of heart he invariably displayed, was looked upon as the peacock of my playground, the don among my old pupils. Gilbert hung down his head, and could make no reply.

Gilbert Sinclair was the only son of parents of no particular note in the world, but who, nevertheless, possessed considerable wealth. It was this that Gilbert so much prided himself upon: when he should come into the possession of his father's wealth, he should be as rich as the most wealthy within twenty miles of the village in which his father resided. This was not to be disputed, but still for all that he had no occasion to be proud. Nothing is more unseemly than pride, and especially in young persons.

I fancy I can see Gilbert Sinclair now, strutting and swelling among my old pupils, like a turkey-cock in a farm-yard. His pride was such that it very materially interfered with his enjoyments. Rarely did he join in the pastimes of his fellow-pupils; and when he did, it was with an air that seemed to convey the idea, that he thought it was below his dignity. In his own estimation, Gilbert Sinclair was, indeed, a *rara avis*; that is, a rare bird. He was heir to greater riches than any of his companions; therefore, he was above them.

"Well, Gil!" said John Cumming to him familiarly, one half-holiday; "will you not play with us this fine afternoon?"

"No, indeed I shall not!" he replied.

"Oh, come, Gil," rejoined his companion, "do have a good game for once! I am sure you cannot enjoy yourself alone. Let us have a good game of cricket."

"No, indeed I shall not!" he returned, haughtily.

"Why, what pleasure can you find in strutting about alone?" inquired John Cumming.

"You may go to your play, John Cumming," rejoined Gilbert Sinclair. "If you let me alone, I shall not interfere with you, I assure you."

"Oh, you may do as you like, Gil," rejoined his fellow-pupil. "I assure you I only asked you to play because I thought you were lonely. We can, of course, play as well without you as with you."

Gilbert Sinclair strutted to the other side of the playground, and John Cumming rejoined his companions; and a merry game they had, while the proud boy sauntered about in loneliness.

"How is it Sinclair," I inquired one day, soon after he came to my school, "that I never see you playing with your companions?"

"I don't know, sir," he replied, as he blushed, with a glow of pride.

"Are you not fond of pastimes?" I asked.

"Not very, sir: I have no wish to play."

"No wish to play, Sinclair!" I resumed, "why you are a very strange boy! I have known a good many boys, but I never yet knew one who was not fond of play. But tell me the truth, Sinclair; is it not pride that prevents you joining your companions in their amusements?"

Gilbert Sinclair hung down his head and made no reply.

"I fear that is the real cause, Sinclair," I continued; "and let me assure you I am much displeased with such conduct. Why should you set yourself up so much above your companions? They are all your equals, and therefore deserve your respect."

"None of them will be so rich as I shall be, sir," remarked Gilbert Sinclair, as he drew himself up to his full height.

"None of them will be so rich as you will be!" I reiterated; "and what if they will not? Do riches, or the prospect of riches, ennoble a human being? Should that cause you to treat those among whom you are placed with hauteur? Such a disposition, Sinclair, makes you truly ridiculous in my estimation; and I have no doubt but your fellow-pupils look upon you in the same light. Nay, I have no doubt that they will soon learn to despise you, if they have not done so already. And let me tell you, that they will be more justified in despising you, than you are in despising them.

"A moralist, in exhibiting the vanity of the imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, supposes

a molehill to be inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every ant is endowed with human passions. He goes on to say : ‘ How should we smile to hear one give an account of the pedigrees, distinction, and titles that reign among them ! Observe how the whole swarm divide, and make way for the emmet that passes through them. You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any ant in the molehill. Do you not see how sensible he is of it ?—how slowly he marches forward ; how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance ? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock. He has a walk of half-a-yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth ; he keeps one hundred menial servants, and has, at least, fifteen barleycorns in his granary. He is now chiding and enslaving the emmet that stands before him ; and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

“ ‘ But here comes an insect of figure. Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth ? That straw, you must understand, he

would not part with for the longest track about the molehill. Did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it. See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him ! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

“ ‘ If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the molehill, observe first the emmet that listens to one on the left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn her head away from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess ; that her eyes are brighter than the sun ; that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the emmet on her left hand ! She can scarcely crawl with age, but you must know she values herself upon her birth ; and, if you observe, spurns every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is by her side is a wit. She has broken many an emmet’s heart. Do but see what a drove of lovers are running after her !’

“ The moralist concludes his imaginary picture by

supposing that death comes upon the molehill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, and picks up, without distinction, the emmet of quality and his flatterers, the emmet of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the molehill. Now let me ask you, Gilbert Sinclair, do you not see the moral of all this ?”

“ No, sir,” replied Sinclair.

“ Then I will tell you,” I replied. “ This world is but a molehill compared with the universe, and the men and women therein are but as emmets, peopling this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions. Among them there are many who aspire to eminence ; who endeavour to gain such a height of distinction, that they may look down upon their fellow-creatures with contempt. But of what avail are their distinctions ? Death preys upon all alike. The noble and the mean—the rich and the poor—when death lays his hand upon them, mingle in the dust.

“ I hope, Sinclair,” I added, “ that for the future you will strive against your besetting sin, pride ; and that I shall see you mingle with your fellow-pupils as

your equals. Depend upon it, not one of them is your inferior ; and there are many superior to you in worth and intelligence, which alone can ennoble a human being."

Human nature is slow to learn the lesson of humility. It was one that Gilbert Sinclair never learned at my school, though, while he was under my roof it was my constant endeavour to make him acquainted with that Christian virtue. Pride was his besetting sin when he first entered my school, and pride was still his bane when he left it. I was not without hopes, however, that in after years he might profit by my instructions, especially as he was a youth of good natural talents. I trusted that he might one day see the deformity of pride, and betake himself to a throne of grace, that he might have strength given him to triumph over his pride of heart. But all my hopes have been disappointed. Some time after, Gilbert Sinclair left school ; and almost as soon as he "came of age" he came into possession of his fortune. "He has that now on which he prided himself when at school," I said to a neighbour of his deceased parents, who first informed me of the circumstance ; "and I wonder how he will now conduct himself !"

"You need not wonder," said my informant, "for he has already shown that he will not bear his fortune meekly. He has quitted his father's residence, as too humble for him; and taken a mansion in a neighbouring village, which he has elegantly furnished, and where he is surrounded by servants."

"Will his fortune support that long?" I inquired.

"That remains to be seen," was the reply. "Old Mr. Sinclair was, doubtless, worth a large sum of money; but whether it was sufficiently large to maintain his son in the splendour by which he is now surrounded, can only be unfolded in the course of time. But you may depend upon it, so long as he can be the nabob of the village in which he resides, he will not descend from his present position."

I resolved, on hearing this account of Gilbert Sinclair, to take the first opportunity of calling upon him; not to congratulate him on his accession to his wealth, but, if an opportunity was afforded me, to give him a few words of advice. My next vacation accordingly found me knocking at the door of "Mansion House," where he resided.

"Is Mr. Sinclair within?" I inquired of the servant who answered the summons.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, as he eyed me from head to foot. Then, ushering me into an elegant room, he demanded my name.

My name was given and conveyed to Gilbert Sinclair, Esq., and the reply brought was, that "Mr. Sinclair had not the honour of knowing me; but if I would step into the drawing-room, he would speak with me."

"Gilbert Sinclair!" I exclaimed, as I entered the drawing-room, "is it possible that you could have forgotten my name?—and, if not, how could you send such a message to me by your servant; namely, that you had not the honour of knowing me?"

"Gilbert Sinclair," murmured my old pupil, as though my familiarity was offensive to him. "Gilbert Sinclair, sir, has no distinct recollection of you."

"What!" I replied, "no distinct recollection of your old schoolmaster; one who has so often given you a lesson on your pride of heart."

"Oh! I do now recollect," replied Mr. Sinclair, "that I was at your school; but I am now placed in different circumstances."

"I see you are," I rejoined: "you have a very grand place here; and I hope that now, having

gained the summit of your wishes, having come into possession of your father's wealth, you will act as becomes a man and a Christian ;—will not set yourself up above your neighbours, but will be kind and courteous to all around you. Remember, a proud man cannot be exalted so high but God can bring him low."

"You will excuse me, sir," said Gilbert Sinclair ; "but I have an engagement, and must bid you good morning." So saying, he rang the bell, and the servant ushered me from his presence. "He is still great in his own estimation," I thought, as I retired from "Mansion House ;" "but it may be he will yet be humbled. A change of fortune might prove a blessing to him ; might yet teach him the hard lesson of humility." It scarcely needed a prophetic eye to foresee that my old pupil would one day experience a change of fortune. Everything by which he was surrounded was on a scale of such grandeur, that unless he were possessed of far more than rumour reported his wealth to be, it was evident that in a few years the hammer of the auctioneer would be employed in their disposal.

It has been said by Solomon, that—

"Pride goeth before destruction,
And a haughty spirit, before a fall."

Prov. xvi. 18.

And so it happened to Gilbert Sinclair. It was not many years after my visit to "Mansion House," that I was informed his establishment was broken up, and he was gone, no one knew where. His pride had rendered him obnoxious to his neighbours; and when he failed, no one felt sufficiently interested in his fate to trace his steps. For myself, I wished that I knew to what part of the world he had retired; and often have I indulged in the hope that he would one day visit me in his debasement. He has not yet done so; but if he should, what, my young readers, do you think I should do?"

Methinks I hear you reply, "Treat him as he did you at the 'Mansion House:' not recollect him, and dismiss him with a cold and formal good morning."

Not so! for that would not be acting as a Christian. I would entertain him at my table, and if he needed assistance, give it him as far as it is in my power. It is the Christian's duty to return good for evil. What saith our blessed Redeemer? "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and

a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.”—*Matt. xxxviii. 42.* In revenging an injury, a man puts himself on a level with his enemy; but in forgiving, he assumes a superiority over him. It is said of Louis XII. of France, that when he was advised to revenge himself on those who had been his enemies before his accession to the throne, he replied, nobly, “The king of France does not remember the injuries of the Duke of Orleans.” A sentence of equal magnanimity is recorded to have been uttered by the emperor Adrian, on seeing a person who had injured him in his former station: “You are safe: I am an emperor.” As the pious Dr. Watts observed, “We should endeavour to forget injuries and bury them in love.” He that overcomes evil with good, overcomes three enemies at once—Satan, his adversary, and himself: a greater victory

than was ever obtained by the greatest general the world has ever produced.

One word to my young readers, on the foolishness and the sin of pride. It is related that two ladies of high rank, disputing which ought to walk first in a public procession, in the reign of the emperor Charles V. ; he desired they would abide by his decision. To this they agreed, and after hearing their reasons on both sides, he ordered that the most foolish should go first, which so much hurt their pride that they were then as desirous which should go last. This is an apt illustration of the foolishness of pride. It is foolish, also, because of all human passions it the most seldom obtains its end : aiming at honours and reputations, it generally reaps contempt and derision. Such were the fruits of Gilbert Sinclair's pride among my old pupils and among his neighbours ; and such will ever prove to be the fruits of pride. " If a proud man makes me keep my distance, my comfort is that he keeps his at the same time." No one can regard a proud man with the esteem which, as a fellow-creature, he would otherwise demand. Likeness and similarity generally beget love, and endears persons to each other ; but pride is such a

base principle, that proud men commonly dislike each other ;—they cut themselves off from the sympathies of life. How foolish then is pride ! It is also sinful. Perhaps there is no sin which God punishes more than pride. His displeasure against it is most strikingly exhibited in the histories of Pharaoh, Haman, Nebuchadnezzar, and Herod. Pharaoh's pride brought upon Egypt and his people the plagues of frogs, murrain, thunder and hail, lice, flies, boils and blains, locusts, darkness, and the death of the first-born ; and, at last, he was himself drowned in the Red Sea. Haman was ignominiously hanged upon the gallows which he had prepared for Mordecai. Nebuchadnezzar was deprived of reason, and ate the grass of the fields like oxen. Herod, the proud and gorgeous Herod, was eaten of worms. Such was the end of their pride. I would counsel my young readers, therefore, to shun pride, as they would a serpent of the most deadly nature. I will conclude with the emphatic parable in which our Saviour teaches a beautiful lesson of humility. The sacred penman says : “ And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others : Two

men went up into the temple to pray ; the one a Pharisee, the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus, with himself : God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week ; I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other : for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased ; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—Luke xviii. 9--14.

CHAPTER VIII.

Charles Murphy brings his Son to School—Quotes Poetry—Introduces his Son to my old Pupils—Remarks on gray Hairs and old Age—His Advice to his Son—A curious Parting—The Character of Charles Murphy, junior: the Prototype of his Father—His first Adventure at School—Thoughts on Family Government—Job Stone: his Character—The Importance of a good Education—Comparisons—Wandering out of Bounds—Job Stone and Charles Murphy's Adventure—The Wanderer's Return—Job Stone dismissed School for his love of Mischief—Charles Murphy joins his Son on his first Breaking-up—A Reproof—A Fable: the Youth and the Philosopher—Thoughts on amiable Tempers—What is Grace? the Question answered.

"I HAVE brought you a new pupil," said Charles Murphy, as he shook my hand with his usual warmth. "I have brought you a new pupil, Philosopher, and who do you think it is?"

"Charles Murphy has a son," I replied, "and, though I have not seen him since he was an infant, I find no difficulty in identifying him. He is certainly your son, for he has the same happy counte-

nance as his father had when a boy at Truth Hall. Master Murphy, I am happy to receive you under my roof."

"Methinks you have arrived at your conclusions hastily, Philosopher," rejoined Charles. "Are there no happy countenances in the world beside those of Charles Murphy and his son's?"

"Thousands, Charles," I replied; "and, perhaps, I might add, millions; but you cannot deceive me: this is certainly Charles Murphy's son. I trace in his face the same features, and the same disposition which his father had when a boy at school. It is certainly Charles Murphy's son."

"Well," rejoined Charles, "if you will have it so, you must. And to tell you the truth, I think you will find in him a second edition of your old friend Charles Murphy, in every respect."

"But how is it, Charles," I asked, "that I have had no intimation of this pleasure, of receiving your son under my care?"

"I wished to surprise you," answered Charles; "and I was quite sure you would be ready to receive him, whenever I brought him to you. You

would not shut your doors against Charles Murphy or his representative."

"Never!" I replied. "It is a pleasure to see my old friend whenever he can come; and now you have a son at my school, I hope to see you oftener. Charles, your son shall find in me a parent while under my roof."

"I am sure of that, Philosopher," resumed Charles, as he shook my hand with increased warmth. "I am quite sure of that. But let me tell you, had our dear old master been living, I should have taken my son to Truth Hall: dearly as I love you, I should have placed him under his care. I think it is Sir Walter Scott, who says:—

'Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise—
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carv'd subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat, while deep employ'd,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd;
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;

As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle-down at taw ;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat ;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollections of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
Hark ! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee ;
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box ;
Then, turning, he regales his listening wife
With all the adventures of his early life ;
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise ;
In bilking tavern-bills, and spouting plays ;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape ;
How he was flogged, or had the luck t' escape ;
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his frolics, ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame,)

He gives the local bias all its sway,
Resolves that where he play'd his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shown,
Just in the scenes where he display'd his own.' "

"Indeed, Charles," I remarked, "you have quoted your author correctly; only you made a mistake in the name; it is not Sir Walter Scott's poetry, but Cowper's."

"That is a trifling mistake," replied Charles, "and easily corrected. But whoever the author may have been, one could almost fancy that he had been a visitor in my parlour. How often have I sat with Charles Murphy, junior, on my knee, recounting all the merry scenes in which we took a part at Truth Hall; always concluding with a resolution that my son should play where his father played, and that his genius should be shown where his father's was displayed. But our good old master is no more; and I cannot do better than place my son under the care of his representative."

"Thank you, Charles, for your good opinion," I replied. "Had our dear old master still been living, you could not have done better than have placed Master Murphy at Truth Hall. I could never have

expected a son of his old pupil, Charles Murphy, or of any other of his old pupils, while he was living. But he is now, my dear Charles, where I hope we may one day be, in heaven."

"Amen!" rejoined Charles, with a solemnity unusual to him; and I fancied as I looked at him that he fervently wished again to see the face of his "dear old master."

Charles Murphy's seriousness was evanescent. It was a glorious day for my old pupils when Charles Murphy, junior, was introduced to them. Long before this, my old friend had become almost as familiar to them as though he had been a fellow-pupil. At every visit since the first recorded above, he had mingled with them; and it scarcely need be added, that he was a permanent favourite. There was no one whom they so much wished to meet again as Charles Murphy.

"Oh, how do you do, sir?" exclaimed about twenty voices at once, and as many hands were stretched forth, when Charles Murphy and his son, with myself, resorted to the playground. "How do you do, sir? We are so glad to see you again!"

"And so am I to see you," said Charles, as he

shook each hand in its turn. "I hope you are all well and happy."

"All well and happy," was the reply, "and especially now Mr. Murphy is here."

"Thank you," returned Charles; "it is a pleasure to meet old friends. But, I say, you take no notice of your new companion here. Who do you think it is?"

In an instant all eyes were turned on Charles Murphy, junior, and after giving a scrutinizing glance, all exclaimed, it was surely Master Murphy, and held out their hands to welcome him. They were so glad to see him, they said, and they would love him dearly.

"If it is my son," said Charles Murphy, "I have no doubt you will, for my sake. But how do you know it is?"

"Oh, you can't deceive us, sir;" they replied, "we are sure it is Master Murphy, and we will love him dearly for your sake."

"Well, if you will have it so," resumed Charles Murphy, "I suppose you must; and so allow me to introduce him to you as Charles Murphy, junior."

"Welcome, welcome, Charles Murphy, junior!" all exclaimed; and after again swarming round him to

shake hands, they reiterated their assurance that they would love him dearly.

"And now, who is for a game?" asked Charles, adding that he must have the first game with his son at school, and the Philosopher must join. All expressed their willingness to play, and all wanted to play at cricket, and to have Master Murphy on their side; but as this could not be, some took the father, and some their new companion. A merry game they had, and Charles asserted that he had never enjoyed himself more at Truth Hall. Although a parent, he felt himself quite young again.

"But feel as we may, Charles," I replied, "we cannot forget that we are older than we were, and that we are fast hastening towards that period when we shall no longer be able to run from wicket to wicket. Time lays his heavy hand upon us; and Charles Murphy, like myself, begins to have a few grey hairs I perceive, reminding us that old age is approaching."

"Nonsense," rejoined Charles, "you must be mistaken. Poring over books has impaired your sight. Surely you cannot see a grey hair on the head of Charles Murphy! Can he, young gentle-

men?" he asked, as he stooped down for the boys to look.

All were silent.

"Silence," continued Charles, "is ominous. I suppose there are, then. But never mind, if my head is becoming grey, my legs are still able to run, and my heart is still light. Still, I must allow, if my hair is turning grey, I ought to become more grave. A grey head and a light heart do not seem quite the thing."

"Right, Charles," I replied, "it is not quite the thing; especially if that cheerfulness does not arise from habitual piety."

The day soon wore away, and Charles Murphy's chaise was brought to the door. During his stay I had been speculating as to what kind of parting there would be between my old friend and his son. I had witnessed, in the course of my career, many curious scenes on the first parting of parents and children in my parlour; but I fully anticipated one more curious than I had yet seen. Nor was I mistaken.

"Well, Charley," said Charles Murphy, senior, as he rose to take his leave; "I must bid you good bye. Mind, I will have no crying."

"No, papa," replied Charley, with difficulty repressing his tears.

"If Charles Murphy used to shed a tear when his parents left him at Truth Hall, it is no reason why his son should be so silly. So I will have no crying, Charley."

"No, papa," replied Charley, as a tear stole down his cheek, and fell on the table.

"No, papa!" reiterated Charles Murphy; "then what is this upon the table?"

"It is only one tear, papa."

"Only one, then mind you do not let us have any more," replied his father. "Although I wept myself when a boy, I do not see why my son should. Good bye, Charley."

"Good bye, papa," rejoined Charley; and he was going to repeat the words, but his sobs stopped his utterance, and a shower of tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"This is too bad of you, Charley," said his father, with emotion. "I thought you were more of a man than to cry on my leaving you at school."

"It is very natural, my dear Charles," I remarked,

"and I should not be surprised to see you shed a tear likewise."

There were tears, in fact, visible in my old friend's eyes; and almost as soon as I spoke they were mingled with those of his son's. It is a beautiful and touching sight, to see a parent and child thus exhibit their affection for each other, and so I let them weep on without saying a word. To see a father, indeed, treating a son as a brother, and a son coveting the company of his father, is one of the most pleasing sights we can behold. I was touched by the scene.

"I must leave you, Charley!" my old friend exclaimed, as he wiped away his tears. "Be a good boy, and I will come and join you on your first breaking up."

Charles hastened to his chaise, on entering which, he grasped my hand with emotion, and asserted that I had seen him a boy again.

"No, my dear Charles, I have not," I replied; "but I have seen you an affectionate parent."

The sympathy exhibited between Charles Murphy and his son was no matter for surprise. On the first day of his son's entering my school, I discovered that

his character was in unison with that of his parent's ; and where there is such a similarity of character, there is usually love and affection. Further acquaintance with Charles Murphy, junior, proved that I had formed a just notion of his character ; and that his father spoke correctly, when he playfully remarked that I should find in him a second edition of Charles Murphy. I fully anticipated that I should have to lecture my young friend, as I had his father, for his love of fun and frolic ; but as my words would be clothed with more authority as a schoolmaster, than they were as a fellow-pupil, I hoped that I might be better able to control his disposition. There was comfort in the thought that I should not find him vicious ; for with all his love of fun and frolic my old friend was free from vice, and I could not suppose that his son would be different from him in this respect. If I were only on my guard against his frolicsome disposition, I thought to myself, I should be able to preserve him from gross errors of conduct ; and this would prove a pleasure for his parent's sake. But the task thus imposed upon myself was not an easy one ; for Charles Murphy had so often related his school adventures in

the ears of his son, that in a few days he seemed to burn with impatience to re-enact them under my roof.

"Sir," said James Eades, as he tapped at my door, a few mornings after Charles Murphy had entered my school; "I wish you would come into our room, for I fear there will be some mischief done if you do not."

In a few moments I was in the said bedroom, and there was the old scene about to be re-enacted, of taking a ride in the air. The sheets and the blankets were tied together, and Hal Nokes was about to place himself in the same position as the brave William Weston had done at Truth Hall.

"What is all this about, boys?" I demanded. All were silent.

"What, I say again, is all this about?"

"Please sir," replied Nokes, "I was only going to have a ride in the air?"

"At whose proposal?" I inquired.

"At Charles Murphy's," answered James Eades: "I remonstrated, but it was of no use. All expressed their readiness to join him, and would not listen to me."

"And how, Charles Murphy, could you think of proposing such a wanton feat as this?" I inquired. There was no necessity for the question, for I felt assured that the idea originated in my old friend; and so it appeared from the reply:—his father had done so when he was a boy, and so he thought he would do the same. He did not know there was any harm in it, or he would not have done it. He hoped I should forgive him.

"You have my forgiveness, Charles," I replied; "but let me assure you, that such games as these will not be tolerated here. I have no doubt but your father has related this adventure of his in your hearing many times; but, I apprehend, he did not relate the lecture he received for his wantonness from the lips of his old master; how he set forth the danger to which his love of fun had exposed a fellow-pupil; how his own character was at stake through his folly; how he warned him that his thoughtlessness might one day lead to recklessness. Nor did your father tell you how bitterly he wept when he was convicted of his error. Did he tell you all this, Charles?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "and I am very sorry

I have offended ;" and tears followed, expressive of his sorrow.

How necessary to the well-being of the young is family-government. This should commence with children when they are very young ; immediately as reason begins to dawn, that so a deep impression may be made on the mind. The good example of parents is of the first consequence ; and next to this is the uniform maintenance of their authority. If these things were strictly attended to in most families, the world would soon become sensible of the great benefit of such conduct in parents. I do not mean to convey the idea, that my friend Charles Murphy was wanting in these requisite traits in the character of a parent ; but I have often thought that if he had not so frequently touched upon his adventures as a school-boy before his family, or, if he had spoken of them as examples for warning, instead of speaking of them in terms of pleasure, his son would have avoided not only his first sorrow at school, but many sorrows after. There is no example so potent as that of a parent ; be it for good or evil, it is almost certain to have its effects upon children.

There is, however, another class in society whose ex-

ample is much followed. I allude to the elder boys in a school. Often have I seen the evil effects of their example on those who were younger than themselves. A notable instance of the influence which a boy just verging into manhood has, over one who has not yet arrived at his teens, may be mentioned in the cases of Job Stone and the frolic-loving Charles Murphy, junior.

One of the rules of my school was, that no pupil should leave the play-ground, unless for a walk under my care, or without my special consent. No sooner, however, did Job Stone find himself at liberty, soon after he entered my school, than he proposed to some of his older companions that they should take a ramble. All refused, on the ground that they could not do so without permission ; but Job Stone would not be thwarted in his design : if they would not go, some one else might ; and so he turned to the younger members of my charge. He found a ready companion in Charles Murphy, and off they wandered "out of bounds." No sooner were they gone, than James Eades rushed to my study to inform me of their departure, and I was soon in pursuit of them. The road they took was pointed out, but Job Stone was

too skilful in offending long to keep the road he first took. No traces of them could be discovered ; they had taken to the fields, and pursuit was vain. I felt certain they had not run away, and so I returned home, and quietly waited their return. It was a half-holiday, but I thought they would certainly be home at the hour for tea. But neither of them was acquainted with the road round our village, and as they had taken a route where there were no paths, they soon lost themselves. On they went regardless of the progress of time and of my displeasure. The shadows of night were fast falling when they returned. Hunger had reminded them of the table ; and then, after much inquiry, they found their way back again.

I fancy I can see the culprits now stand before me after their return. Job Stone was the very picture of effrontery and confidence, and poor Charles of penitence.

" Well, Master Stone, where have you been ? " I inquired.

" Only for a walk, sir," was the bold reply.

" And by whose permission ? "

" Nobody's, sir : I have been used to take a walk when I pleased."

"And where have you been, Charles Murphy?" I asked.

"Only for a little walk with Stone," replied Charles, in a faltering voice.

"And by whose permission did you take a walk with Stone?"

"Nobody's, sir," said Charles, dropping his head upon his breast. "Stone asked me, and I did not like to deny him."

"Well, Master Stone," I resumed, "let me tell you that you are the first boy who has ever ventured to disobey my rules."

"I was not aware of any rule forbidding me to take a walk, sir," replied Stone, evidently determined to carry a high hand in the matter.

"If I had not told you myself, Master Stone," I continued, "yet the elder pupils had informed you of the rule, and that was sufficient."

"Not at all, sir," replied Master Stone; "they said they were not allowed; but I had not been forbidden; and I have been used to take a walk when I pleased. No other master ever prevented me;" and there was that in the look of Job Stone which seemed to say, "nor shall you."

"If your former masters allowed you to take a walk when you pleased, Master Stone," I replied, "which I very much doubt, let me tell you I will not allow it. You have been for a walk for your own pleasure, now you must go up-stairs to your bedroom for mine—supperless."

"Come along, Charley!" said Stone.

"No," I rejoined; "Charles Murphy is not to go with you; he may remain, and have his supper."

"Why?" asked Stone. "Because," I replied, "he is not the chief offender. He has been misled by you, who, from your age, ought to have known better than to lead a child astray. You will please to walk up-stairs alone, without delay,"

"Oh, that I will do, sir!" said Stone, drawing himself up majestically. "We have had a capital walk, have we not, Charley? Good night: enjoy your supper."

Charles did not venture to reply, and still stood like a statue of penitence before me. I saw that these two characters together—the one fond of mischief and the other of fun—would cause me considerable trouble. I endeavoured to guard Charles against following the example of Stone, and with many tears,

he promised not to be misled again by him. He did not know he should offend me, or he would not have gone: he would never do such a thing again. He seemed truly penitent for his fault; and his sorrow was such that he went to bed almost as superfluous as Stone: he could scarcely take his food for grief. I was not sorry for this, as I thought it might have the effect of making him more careful for the future; and of preventing his being led astray again by his new companion. But in this I was disappointed. His easy disposition and his love of fun frequently led him to listen to Job Stone, and to act in direct opposition to the rules of the school. It soon became evident, indeed, that if the two lived long together, the one would become as refractory as the other, and therefore I was resolved to dismiss Stone, if he did not alter his conduct.

It was after one of their mischievous freaks that I intimated my intention to Stone.

"You may do as you please, sir," was the bold reply. "I cannot be under such control as you wish me."

"But what will become of you, Stone," I inquired, "if you enter upon life without education?"

"Oh, as to that, sir," he replied, "I know suffi-

cient. I shall go to sea ! and there is not much education required there."

"Go to sea !" I rejoined ; "is that your father's wish ?" "Oh, no, sir !" replied Job Stone, "he will not hear of it ; but I mean to go to sea."

"What !" I exclaimed, "in opposition to your father's wishes ?" "Yes, sir," was the reply ; "nothing shall hinder me : I am used to do as I please : I shall go to sea."

"Of all the sins to which youth are prone," I resumed, "none is so hateful as disobedience. It was a sin almost unknown among the ancients ; and when it was exhibited, it was severely punished. But I fear anything that I could say to you would have no effect. If a son dares to act contrary to the wishes and commands of a parent, experience has proved that all the instructions of a schoolmaster invariably prove fruitless. My knowledge of your character, also, convinces me that my exertions to amend it would be vain. Moreover, 'evil communications corrupt good manners ;' and, therefore, if I would wish to preserve the rest of my pupils from evil, I am convinced that I must part with you : so you may collect your books together, and I will at once send you home."

“Hurra!” exclaimed Stone, as he went to pack up his books; and when he was placed on our village-coach, he gave another loud “hurra,” to the no small surprise of his fellow-passengers. As I watched him on the road, I felt relieved of a great burden; that I had rid myself of a species of monster in creation—a disobedient and mischief-loving boy.

It was during Charles Murphy's first half-year at my school that Job Stone appeared and vanished. After he left, my young friend behaved himself as was to be expected of Charles Murphy's son. He was obedient; but his love of fun occasionally led him into error, which was as sure to be followed by repentance. His disposition, however, or, perhaps, I should rather say, his temper, was so excellent, that the task of watching over his morals was by no means irksome. If he had been in fault, I never failed to make him sensible of it, which was a pleasing trait in his character. Good temper is a valuable possession. Without it a boy or man can scarcely be loved by anybody; but with it, though it may be accompanied by blemishes of character, one can scarcely fail of finding friends and obtaining favours. I loved the son of my old friend with all his faults.

"Well, Charley," said his father on the day of breaking-up, "I have come according to promise. But how have you behaved? If you have not been a good boy, I shall not join you and your companions in the playground."

Charles Murphy, junior, made no reply, and my old friend turned to me for information on that point.

"He has behaved, Charles," I replied, "just in the same manner as you did at Truth Hall."

"That is capital!" returned Charles, quickly. "He is my own boy! Let us hear some of his adventures!"

"Charles, Charles!" I replied, "you little think that you are sinning against your son, by encouraging him in folly. All my endeavours to correct his errors will be useless, if you applaud them; all the lessons which I have given him, and which you urged him to attend to, will be thrown away."

"But, my dear Philosopher," resumed Charles, "boys will be boys; we cannot change their dispositions."

"But we can do much in the way of correcting them, Charles," I returned; "and if you would only

second my efforts, by abstaining from encouraging your son's besetting sin, which sin was his father's,—an undue love of fun and frolic,—I have great hopes that I shall be able to preserve him from many sorrows. You know from experience that errors in conduct are inevitably succeeded by tears of repentance. How often have I seen your tears flow after your light heart has led you into error! and let me assure you the same picture has been exhibited in the face of your son."

"You are quite right, my dear good friend!" replied Charles, with warmth of affection. "I had forgotten all about my tears. As soon as wiped away they were clean forgotten. I must let you do as you please with my son: I am sure you will make him a good man."

"As to making him a good man, Charles," I rejoined, "I cannot of myself hope to accomplish such a great work. I look upwards for a blessing on my endeavours to form his character, so that he may not only be virtuous and happy in himself, but prove a blessing to society. Without the aid of Almighty Power I can do nothing. Philosopher, as you deem me to be, I cannot control the human

mind. It was a task too great for even Plato ; and if Plato failed, how can I hope to succeed ?”

Charles, without making any reply, after a few moments of thoughtfulness, expressed a wish to go to the playground, to join in the “breaking-up” festivities. A merry day he had with my old pupils, and at the close of it, he asserted that he had never felt younger even when he was a boy. He would come again on a future breaking-up ; it did him good to join in the merry group. As for my old pupils, they had by this time learned to consider him, tall as he was, almost like a boy, and there were but few among them who did not consider themselves his equal, at least, in the playground. As for Charles Murphy, junior, he was their prime favourite all the time he was at school. They loved him for his father’s and his own sake, and when the time came for his leaving all felt regret.

CHAPTER IX.

Friendship rare—Charles Gordon—His Promises to myself and his Fellow-pupils—His Want of Sincerity—Disregards the Remonstrances of James Eades—His amiable Disposition—Reproved for his Insincerity—The Love of Truth, &c. inculcated—Warned of the Consequences of his Insincerity—Never performed any one of his numerous Promises—John Scott, the Self-conceited Boy—His conduct towards his Companions—A Trial of Skill between him and James Eades proposed—The Trial declined with Contempt—Pronounced to be an inferior Scholar to James Eades, &c. —A Lesson on Contempt—Think not highly of yourselves—John Scott and his Epic Poem—True Wisdom accompanied by Humility—Illustrated by our Saviour's Example.

How rarely do we meet with true friendship in our passage through life ! For one true friend, how many counterfeits do we discover, pretending to be that which they are not ! And the reason of this is plain :—the heart of man by nature is not right with God ; and how then can man place confidence in his fellow-man ? Let a wicked man declare what he will, let him assert that he will assist you in the hour of

distress, according to whatever may be your necessities, he is not to be trusted as a friend : it is only where there is real piety or virtue that there is any solid foundation for confidence. The worldly-minded man may boast that he will never forsake his friend ; but as soon as that friend is under a cloud he will be sure to find some fault in his conduct or behaviour to justify a separation.

Nor is this insincerity confined to the world of men ; it finds its way into the lesser world of boys.

" I shall never forget you," said Charles Gordon, as he was about to leave my school ; " I shall never forget you for your kindness to me while under your care. I shall write to you soon, and will write often ; and will ask my papa to send you some game now and then. I am sure he will do so."

Charles Gordon said this with all apparent sincerity, and had I not known his character I should have expected a letter from him by the next post, and some game, the next time the carrier returned from the vicinity of his father's residence. As it was I looked incredulous, and my old pupils indulged themselves in a suppressed titter.

The fact was, Charles Gordon had made many

such promises while under my roof. Often had I received a promise of game on his return from the vacations, and as often had I been disappointed. Nor was I the only one whom Charles Gordon deceived by fair promises ; there was not one among my old pupils to whom he had not made them, and who had not been deceived by them. There never was such a friend as Charles Gordon, in his own estimation : he loved us all, both master and scholars, and they should see it some day.

"I wish that day would come," said Charles Murphy, junior, on one occasion, when Master Gordon had been making strong professions of friendship, and one of his large promises ; "but for my part I place no confidence in what you say."

"Nor I either," cried a dozen voices at once. "Nor I either," reiterated James Eades ; "and let me assure you, Gordon, you had better not say such things if you really do not mean to perform them."

"But I do mean to perform them," returned Gordon ; "if you will only wait a little while, you shall see. Charles Gordon is not one who does not mean what he says. I am a true friend."

"I do not mean to say," replied Eades, "that you

do not intend to do what you say, at the time you make such promises and such professions of friendship ; but then you are so apt to forget ! And you know a promise is a sacred thing : like a vow, it should be performed ; and your promises seem only made to be broken. If you still continue such conduct, I will give our master an idea of your character ; for it will be a sad thing if you grow up in such a habit of insincerity. Besides, your promises are all needless. We do not want your favours, and therefore you need not promise them. For my part, indeed, I must beg of you not to promise me anything any more, for I shall be sure you will only be sinning against God in doing so."

"Don't say so, James !" rejoined Charles Gordon, who was one of the best-tempered boys I ever met with ; "I really do mean what I say, and you shall see that I do, some day. Let me see, what can I present to you to show my friendship ? Oh, I have some beautiful pheasant-bantams in the poultry-yard, and you shall have a pair of them when I return from the next holidays. Or perhaps you would like a pair of Indian doves, or a couple of rabbits, or Guinea-pigs. I have all these at home, and you shall have

which you please ; only say which, and you shall be sure to have them."

"I would rather not say," returned James Eades, "because I feel that you will forget your promise ; and let me assure you I shall love you better if you do not act thus for the future."

Charles Gordon, however, took no heed of the remonstrance of James Eades, but went on promising and making professions of friendship as usual. It was after making one of his large promises, that James came to me to relate his conduct, hoping, as he said, I might be able to convince him of his error. I had myself some idea of Charles Gordon's character at this time, for he had made me promises of pheasant-bantams, &c., which had never been performed.

"It would be very sad indeed, James," I replied, after hearing his tale, "if Charles Gordon should grow up in this habit of insincerity ; for, if he does, he will not find a true friend in the whole course of his life ; no, not even if he were to live beyond the allotted age of man. If you will send him to me, therefore, I will endeavour to convince him of his error. I believe he is a well-disposed boy, and I may

•

hope from the circumstance I may be useful to him. There is much in the disposition of a boy : if that is wayward or vicious, all the lessons which a school-master may give him will be thrown away ; but if it is tractable and open to instruction, one may hope to do its possessor good. Send Charles Gordon to me."

"Well, Charles," I resumed, as I seated him by my side, "I am happy to have the opportunity of telling you, that, generally speaking, your conduct at school is such as meets with my approval. You are attentive to your lessons, amiable in your disposition, and correct in your general deportment. I own I have rarely had a boy under my care who has caused me less trouble, both as regards your aptitude for learning and your uniform good behaviour ; but"—

"I thank you, sir," interrupted Charles Gordon, "for your good opinion of me : I am sure it will give my parents great pleasure, and they will not forget your kindness to me ; nor shall I forget it. Some day I will make a suitable acknowledgment for it."

"That was just what I was going to speak to you about, Charles," I rejoined. "While I approve of your conduct generally, there is yet one trait in your

character which I cannot admire, and which I would wish to alter. I find that you are in the habit of making promises, which you never perform. There is not one among your companions to whom you have not promised something by way of proving your friendship; but not one has yet seen your promises fulfilled. You must not suppose that they want what you promise them, or that I wish you should give them anything. What I want is to break you of this habit of promising; for by not performing, it makes you little in their estimation. Where there is no sincerity there can be no true friendship. However loud your boasts may be of friendship, they are all vain, if you do not mean what you say. Depend upon it, Charles, sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue."

"But I do mean," rejoined Charles, "to perform my promises."

"You have made so many, Charles," I rejoined, "that I am afraid it is now out of your power. Some to whom you have made them, indeed, have left school, and if you should one day wish to make the presents named to them, you would find it difficult to find them all out. But I can hardly think that you

really mean what you say, for if you did, you would surely have performed your promises in some two or three instances. Your conduct to me in this respect, indeed, savours of dissimulation. You would wish all around you to think that you are their friend, while, in point of fact, you are only deceiving them by the appearance of friendship. Depend upon it, Charles, truth and sincerity are the basis of every virtue. And if at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show herself free and open, you can already deceive, what, let me ask you, are we to look for when you shall become hackneyed in the ways of men ; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in the arts of guile ? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in manhood ; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning ; it obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the good and the wise among men, cultivate truth. Be sincere in the

matter of friendship in your early years, or you will become a perfidious friend in old age."

Charles Gordon received my lesson attentively ; but as he left me, he still asserted that he meant to perform his promises. He left school, as before related, with a promise on his lips ; but I neither received his letters nor his father's present of game ; and as for his companions, they never saw his pheasant-bantams, or his rabbits, or his Guinea-pigs, or anything he had promised them. He lost their confidence. Amiable as he was in other respects, yet, from his lack of sincerity, he left unregretted by his companions. I hope he has seen his error and has amended his ways, for if he has not it is certain that he has lost friends as fast as he obtained them. Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them ; if three have been deceived, the fourth will be deceived likewise.

John Scott never lost the confidence of any of my old pupils, nor did he ever lose their affection ; and why ? Simply because he was not sufficiently amiable to obtain either the one or the other. His conduct was the very reverse of that of Charles Gordon ; he never professed friendship for any of his



companions. Wrapped up in self, he despised all around him.

John Scott was what may be termed "a showy boy." He appeared to have great abilities, but they were more feigned than real. Or it may be that his abilities were not solid, from his own high opinion of them ; which opinion had been fostered by the injudicious conduct of his parents.

"You will find John," said Mr. Scott on his first entering my school, "a boy of great abilities. There is not anything which he cannot learn without an effort. I feel certain that he will become a shining character, and that he will soon outstrip any boy you may have under your care in the matter of learning."

This was said in John Scott's hearing, and I particularly noticed that, while his father was speaking, he assumed an air of great self-importance. I felt that such observations would have a bad effect on his mind, and I soon discovered that I was not mistaken. From the first day of his appearance among his companions he looked down upon them as boys of inferior intellect to his own.

"None of you," said John Scott, some time after he had been at school, "none of you possess such

abilities as I possess. I can turn you all round in a moment, in Latin, or Greek, or French, or mathematics, or in anything."

"I think you assume too much, Scott," replied Charles Murphy, junior, "You know as well as I do that you are often turned back for want of knowing your lessons. You think you know more than you do, and I would venture to say that if you had a trial of skill with James Eades, he would prove to be your superior."

The "trial of skill" was so taking to my old pupils generally, that they all clamoured for its commencement then and there.

"And who is to be the umpire?" inquired John Scott. "You are all such ignoramuses that you could not decide, and if you did you would be sure to be wrong."

That matter, however, was soon settled in the minds of my old pupils. Master should be the umpire, and surely he would be satisfied with the master's decision.

"I do not know that," replied John Scott, "with an air of importance. "Master may be more learned than I am, and well able to judge; but then James

Eades is a favourite, and he may decide in his favour. Partiality may make him err."

"Never!" cried a dozen voices at once. "Master would never be so unjust!"

"But whether he would be or no," returned John Scott haughtily, and striding away, "I shall not compete with James Eades. He is, as well as yourselves, beneath my notice as regards learning."

John Scott had so often before treated his fellow-pupils with unmerited contempt, that on this occasion they resolved to bring the matter before me.

"Please, sir," said one of them, as they all gathered round me in the playground, John Scott and James Eades excepted, "who is the best scholar in the school?"

"What makes you ask me such a question?" I replied.

My old pupils related what had passed, and when they had finished, I remarked, that there was no need of a trial of skill, for James Eades was undoubtedly the best scholar in every department of study.

"Hurra!" vociferated all, at the top of their voices ;

and again and again the exclamation of delight echoed round the playground.

"Do you know, John Scott," I inquired, as I called him to me, "why your companions exhibited such joy just now?"

"No, sir," returned John Scott, with a supercilious air.

"Then I can tell you," I rejoined; "it was because I pronounced James Eades to be a better scholar than yourself. Have you anything to say against the decision."

"Only that he is your favourite, sir," replied John Scott, boldly.

"You must have formed a very low idea of my character, Scott," I rejoined, "if you think that I could be so unjust. And let me tell you that you have too high an opinion of yourself. I do not deny that you have abilities, but you overrate them. A poet has given this advice:—

'Consider well the talent you possess :

To strive to make it more would make it less.'

To mistake our talents and overrate our abilities is always ridiculous, and sometimes even dangerous.

But even if you had the abilities you imagine you have, why should you be proud of them? and why should they lead you to treat your companions with contempt? Such a disposition is most sinful. Contempt

‘is a sin

That is engendered earliest in the soul,
And doth beset it like a poison-worm,
Feeding on all its beauty.’”

For the first time, I saw John Scott out of countenance, and to appear little in his own estimation. But this feeling did not last long, and he left my school unregretted, by reason of his self-esteem.

Many years passed away, and I heard nothing of John Scott. His name began, indeed, to fade from memory; but one day, on reading a list of advertisements, I saw an epic poem announced, by John Scott, Esquire. No doubt it is from the pen of my old pupil, I thought to myself, and I must obtain it. It will contain something curious. And so it did. The preface was full of self-conceited phrases, and of confidence that it would be hailed with delight by a discerning public. The perusal of a few pages of the poem was sufficient to judge of the merits of the

book. I laid it down with a sigh, and from that day have not ventured to open it again. And my judgment was confirmed by the critics:—most severely did they handle it, and most lavishly did they pour contempt on the talents of its author. It was trash; and the author a pedant. If John Scott read these critiques one would almost imagine that he felt himself a person of less merit than he had before supposed. He might have had such a feeling for a moment; but from my knowledge of his character, I can scarcely doubt but he set all down as arising, not only from the critic's proverbial illnature, but from their ignorance. He was a poet of high order, notwithstanding their universal decision; and the public will one day appreciate his talents, and the merits of his epic poem.

True wisdom is ever accompanied by humility. Let me advise my young readers, therefore, to shun the example of John Scott, and to cultivate this virtue.

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